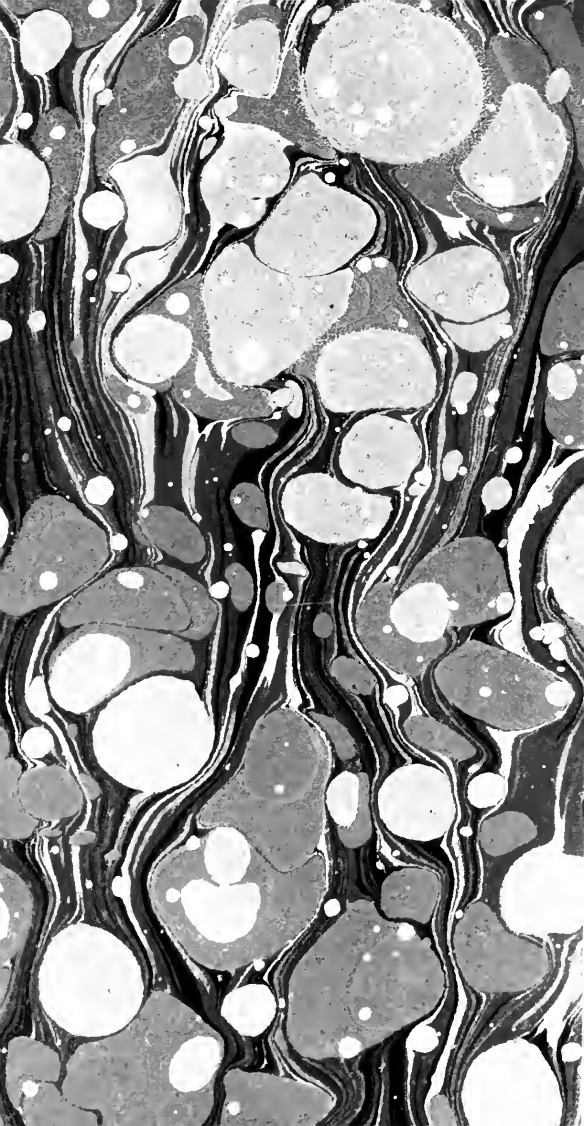


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BRITISH MELODIES,

CONTAINING SOME OF THE

Minor Pieces,

AND OTHER EXTRACTS,

FROM THE WORKS

OF THE

MODERN POETS,

INCLUDING MANY ORIGINAL PIECES NEVER BEFORE
PUBLISHED.



PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR,

(Not for Sale)

BY JOHN STACY, NORWICH.



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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE FOLLOWING SELECTION *from the*
Minor pieces of the principal MODERN POETS, has been
made with a view to exhibit in one volume some of the best
specimens of their Genius. To accomplish this object the
Editor has in general made choice of those pieces which seem to
have been most impressed with the mark of popular favour.
The accompanying little Essay on their respective merits, has
been inserted, not because it accords altogether with his own
sentiments, but on account of the general beauty of its style
and the talent displayed in it, and also, because he conceives it
to be the most appropriate introduction which could be found
for a work of this class.—It first appeared in one of our daily
journals.

810285

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The Pilgrimage

OF

LIVING POETS to the STREAM of CASTALY.

Who now shall give unto me words and sounds
Equal unto this haughty enterprize.

Spenser B. 2. C. x.

SIR,

I am one of those unfortunate youths to whom the Muse has glanced a sparkling of her light, one of those who pant for distinction but have not within them that immortal power which alone can command it. There are many, some Sir may be known to you, who feel keenly and earnestly the eloquence of heart and mind in others, but who cannot from some inability or unobtrusiveness clearly express their own thoughts and feelings; whose lives are but long and silent dreams of romantic pleasure and poetic wonderment; who almost adore the matchless fancies of genuine bards and love them as interpreters and guardians of those visionary delights which are the perpetual inmates of their bosoms. I know not whether I

make myself clear to you; if I do not you will see that my confusion arises rather from a defective power than a defective will. I love the poets, I live in the light of their fancies. It is my best delight to wander forth on summer evenings when the air is fresh and clear, and the leaves of the tree are making music with it, and the birds are busy with their wings, fluttering themselves to rest, and a brook is murmuring along almost inaudibly, and the Sun is going quietly down; it is at this time delicious to muse over the works of our best bards.

Some time last year I had roamed in an evening like to one of those I have spoken of, and after dwelling on the fairy beauties of SPENSER, and from thence passing to the poets of my own time, and to comparing the latter with some that had gone before, I cast myself on a romantic bank by a brook side. The silence around me, save the home-returning bee with its "drowsy hum," and the moaning sound of distant cattle and the low sullen gurgling of waters, lulled me into a sleep. The light of my thoughts gilded my dreams, my vision was a proof of mental existence when the bodily sense had passed away. I have a great desire to attempt giving publicity to my dream, but I before told you how limited are my powers of expression—so I must rely on your goodness in receiving this crude description or not.

Methought (this I believe is the established language of dreams) methought I was walking idly along a romantic vale which was surrounded with majestic and rugged mountains, a small stream struggled through it, and its

waves seemed the brightest crystal I had ever witnessed. I sat me down on its margin which was rocky and beautiful. As I mused a female figure rose like a silvery mist from the waters and advanced with a countenance full of light and a form of living air; her garments floated round her like waves and her hair basked on her shoulders

“Like sunny beams on alabaster rocks.”

There was a touch of immortality in her eyes, and indeed her visage altogether was animated with a more than earthly glory. She approached me with smiles, and told me that she was the guardian of the stream that flowed near, and that the stream itself was the true Castalian which so many “rave of tho’ they know it not.” I turned with fresh delight to gaze on the water, its music sounded heavenly to me.—I fancied that there was a pleasing dactylic motion in its waves. The Spirit said from the love I bore to her favourite SPENSER she would permit me to see (myself unseen) the annual procession of living bards to fetch water from the stream on that day. I looked her my thanks as well as I was able, it was out of my power to express them. She likewise informed me that it was customary for each poet, as he received his portion, to say in what manner he intended to use it. The voice of the Spirit was such as fancy has heard in some wild and lovely spot among the hills or lakes of this world at twilight time. I felt my soul full of music while listening to it and held my breath in the very excess of delight. Suddenly I heard the sounds of approaching footsteps and a confused mingling of voices. The Spirit touched me into invisibility, and then softly faded into sunny air herself.

In a little time I saw a motley crowd advancing confusedly to the stream. I soon perceived that they were each provided with vessels to bear away some portion of the immortal waters. They all passed at a little distance from the spot on which I was reclining, and then each walked singly and slowly from the throng, and dipped his vessel in the blue wild waves of CASTALY. As well as I can recollect I will endeavour to describe the manner and words of the most interesting of our living poets on this most interesting occasion. The air about the spot seemed brighter with their presence, and the waves danced along with a livelier delight. Pegasus might be seen coursing the winds in wild rapture on one of the neighbouring mountains, and sounds of glad and viewless beings were heard at intervals in the air, as if troops of spirits were revelling over head and rejoicing at the scene.

And first methought a lonely and melancholy figure moved slowly forth and silently filled a Grecian urn. I knew by the look of nobility and the hurried and turbulent plunge with which the vessel was dashed into the stream that the owner was LORD BYRON. He shed some tears while gazing on the water, and they seemed to make it purer and fairer. He declared that he would keep the urn by him untouched for some years, but he had scarcely spoken ere he had sprinkled forth some careless drops on the earth—he suddenly retreated.

There then advanced a polite personage very oddly clad, he had a breast-plate on and over that a Scotch plaid, and strange to say, with these silk stockings and dress

shoes. This gentleman brought an old helmet for his vessel: I guessed him to be WALTER SCOTT. His helmet did not hold enough for a very deep draught, but the water it contained took a pleasant sparkle from the warlike metal which shone thro' its shallowness. He said he had disposed of his portion on advantageous terms.

Next came T. MOORE. You might have known him by the wild lustre of his eye, and the fine freedom of his air. He gaily dipped his goblet in the tide and vowed in his high spirited manner that he would turn his share to nectar. He departed with smiles. I heard the wings play pleasantly in the air, while he was bending over the stream.

I now perceived a person advancing whom I knew to be SOUTHEY. His brow was bound by a wreath of faded laurel which had every mark of town-growth. He appeared quite bewildered and scarcely could remember his way to the inspiring stream. His voice was chaunting the praises of kings and courts as he advanced; but he dropped some little poems behind him as he passed me which were very opposite in tone to what he himself uttered. He was compelled to stoop before he could reach the water and the gold vessel which he used procured but little at last. He declared that his intention was to make sack of what he had obtained. On retiring he mounted a cream-coloured horse and set off in uneven paces for St. James's.

Then appeared ROGERS with a glass in his hand which, from the cypher engraved thereon had evidently belonged to OLIVER GOLDSMITH. He caught but a few drops and

these he meant to make the most of by mingling them with common water.

CRABBE with a firm step and steady countenance walked steadily to the stream, and plunged a wooden bowl into it; he observed that he should make strong ale for country people of all that he took away, and after the first brewing he should charitably allow **MR. FITZGERALD** to make small beer for his own use.

In a pensive attitude **MONTGOMERY** sauntered to the waters' brink; he there mused awhile, uttered a few somethings of half-poetry and half-prayer, dipped a little mug of Sheffield-ware in the wave and retired in tears.

With a wild yet nervous step **CAMPBELL** came from the throng—light visions started up in the fair distance as he moved, and the figure of **HOPE** could be faintly discerned amidst them. She smiled on him as he advanced. He dipped his bowl in the stream with a fine bold air and expressed his intention of analyzing part of the water that he procured.

Next came **HUNT** with a rich fanciful goblet in his hand, finely enamelled with Italian landscapes, he held the cup to his breast as he approached and his eyes sparkled with frank delight. After catching a wave, in which a sunbeam seemed freshly melted, he intimated that he should water hearts-ease and many favourite flowers with it. The sky appeared of a deep blue as he was retiring.

LORD STRANGFORD would now have advanced but the voice of the Spirit forbade him, as he did not come for the water on his own account.

COLERIDGE, LAMB, and LLOYD, walked forth arm-in-arm and moved gently to the stream. They conversed as they passed on the beauties of the country, on its peaceful associations and on the purity of domestic affections. Their conversation then turned to poetry, and from the simplicity of the remarks of LLOYD and LAMB I found that their very hearts were wedded to innocence and peace. COLERIDGE talked in a higher strain but he at last confused himself with the abstruseness of his own observations. He hinted at a metaphysical poem which he was about to write in one hundred books. LAMB remarked to him that he should prefer one of his feeling and affectionate sonnets to all his wanderings of mind. Each of these poets held in his hand a simple porringer declaring that it brought the finest recollections of frugal fare and country quiet. LAMB and LLOYD dipped in a bright but rather shallow part of the stream. COLERIDGE went to the depth, where he might have caught the purest water had he not unfortunately clouded it with the sand which he himself disturbed at the bottom. These three poets left the stream in the same manner as they approached it.

Last came a calm and majestic figure moving serenely towards the stream. The celandines and small flowers sprang up to catch the pressure of his feet. The Sunlight fell with a finer glow around, Spirits rustled most mirthfully and musically in the air, and a wing every now and then twinkled into sight (like the Autumn leaf that trembles and flashes up to the Sun) and its feathers of wavy gold were almost too sparkling to be looked upon. The waters of CASTALY ran brighter as he approached,

and seemed to play and dimple with pleasure at his presence. It was WORDSWORTH. In his hand he held a vase of pure crystal and when he had reached the brink of the stream the wave proudly swelled itself into his cup. At this moment the sunny air above his brow became embodied, and the glowing and lightsome Spirit shone into being, and dropped a garland on his forehead. Sounds ethereal swelled, trembled and revelled in the air, and forms of light played in and out of sight, and all around seemed like a living world of breathing poetry. WORDSWORTH bent with reverence over the vase and declared that the waters he had obtained should be the refreshment of his soul. He then raised his countenance which had become illuminated from the wave over which he had bowed and retired with calm dignity.

The sounds of stirring wings now ceased, the air became less bright, and the flowers died away upon the banks. No other poet remained to obtain water from the CASTALIAN stream, but still it sparkled and played along with a soul-like and melodious sound. On a sudden I heard a confusion of tongues behind me. On turning round I found that it arose from a mistaken set of Gentlemen who were chattering and bustling and dipping at a little brook which they deemed was the true CASTALIAN. Their splashing and vociferation and bustle can only be imagined by those who have seen a flock of geese wash themselves in a pond with gabbling importance. There was SPENCER, with a goblet lent to him by a Lady of quality, and HAYLEY simpering and bowing and reaching with a tea-cup at the water, and WILSON with a child's pap-

spoon, and BOWLES laboriously engaged in filling fourteen nut-shells, and LEWIS slowly and mysteriously plunging an old skull into the brook, while poor COTTON fumed and angered but scarcely reached the stream at last. There were no encouraging signs in the elements, no delightful sounds of attendant Spirits, no springing up of flowers to cheer these worthies in their pursuit; they seemed perfectly satisfied with their own greatness, and were flattered into industry by their own vanity and loudness. After some time the perpetual activity of tongues fatigued my ear and I turned myself from the noisy crowd towards the silent heavens. There to my astonished and delighted eyes appeared SHAKESPEARE surrounded with excessive light, with SPENSER on one hand and MILTON on the other. One glance of his eye scared the silly multitude from the brook. Then amidst unearthly music he calmly ascended and was lost in the splendours of the sky. At this moment I awoke. The evening was getting chill around me. The breeze was coldly whispering thro' the foliage, and the deer were couching to rest on the spangled grass. I arose, and musing on the wonders of my dream slowly bent my way homewards.

J. H. R.



SONGS AND MINOR POEMS.

WE MAY ROAM THRO' THIS WORLD.

T. Moore.

WE may roam thro' this world like a child at a feast,
Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest,
And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings, and be off to the west;
But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
Are the dearest gifts that Heaven supplies,
We never need leave our own Green Isle
For sensitive hearts and for sun-bright eyes.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
O! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

In England the garden of Beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery, plac'd within call;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden's but carelessly watch'd, after all.
Oh! they want the wild sweet-briery fence,
Which round the flowers of Erin dwells,
Which warns the touch while winning the sense.
Nor charms us least when it most repels.

Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 Thro' this world whether eastward or westward you roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

In France, when the heart of a woman set sail,
 On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
 Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
 But just pilots her off, then bids her good bye!
 While the daughters of Erin keep the boy
 Ever-smiling beside his faithful oar,
 Thro' billows of woe and beams of joy,
 'The same as he look'd when he left the shore.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 Thro' this world whether eastward or westward you roam.
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

T. Campbell.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had low'r'd
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
 'The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain;
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track:

'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers, that welcom'd me back.

 I flew to the pleasant fields travers'd so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

 Then pledg'd we the wine cup, and fondly I swore,
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
 My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

 Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn,
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay—
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THE CYPRESS WREATH.

Walter Scott.

O LADY twine no wreath for me,
 Or twine it of the Cypress Tree;
 Too lively glow the lillies light,
 The varnish'd holly's all too bright,
 The May flow'r and the eglantine
 May shade a brow less sad than mine;
 But Lady weave no wreath for me,
 Or weave it of the Cypress Tree!

Let dimpled mirth his temples twine
 With tendrils of the laughing vine;

The manly oak, the pensive yew,
 To patriot and to sage be due ;
 The myrtle bough bids lovers live
 But that Matilda would not give !
 Then Lady twine no wreath for me,
 Or twine it of the Cypress Tree !

Let merry England proudly rear
 Her blended roses bought so dear :
 Let Albin bind her bonnet blue
 With heath and harebell dipp'd in dew.
 On favour'd Erin's crest be seen
 The flow'r she loves of emerald green :
 But Lady twine no wreath for me,
 Or twine it of the Cypress Tree !

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
 The ivy meet for minstrel's hair,
 And while his crown of laurel-leaves
 With bloody hand the victor weaves ;
 Let the loud trump his triumph tell.
 But when you hear the passing bell
 Then Lady twine a wreath for me,
 And twine it of the Cypress Tree !

Yes twine for me the Cypress bough,
 But O Matilda, twine not now !
 Stay till a few brief months are past,
 And I have look'd and lov'd my last.
 When villagers my shroud bestrew,
 With pansies, rosemary, and rue,—
 Then lady weave a wreath for me,
 And weave it of the Cypress Tree !

I ENTER THY GARDEN OF ROSES.

Lord Byron.

I ENTER thy garden of roses,
 Beloved and fair Haideé,
 Each morning where Flora reposes,
 For surely I see her in thee.
 Oh, Lovely! thus low I implore thee,
 Receive this fond truth from my tongue,
 Which utters its song to adore thee,
 Yet trembles for what it has sung;
 As the branch, at the bidding of Nature,
 Adds fragrance and fruit to the tree,
 Through her eyes, through her every feature,
 Shines the soul of the young Haideé.

But the loveliest garden grows hateful
 When Love has abandon'd the bowers—
 Bring me hemlock—since mine is ungrateful,
 That herb is more fragrant than flowers.
 The poi-son, when pour'd from the chalice,
 Will deeply embitter the bowl;
 But when drunk to escape from thy malice,
 The draught shall be sweet to my soul.
 Too cruel! in vain I implore thee
 My heart from these horrors to save:
 Will nought to my bosom restore thee?
 Then open the gates of the grave.

As the chief who to combat advances
 Secure of his conquest before,
 Thus thou, with those eyes for thy lances,
 Hast pierc'd through my heart to its core.

Ah, tell me, my soul! must I perish
 By pangs which a smile would dispel?
 Would the hope, which thou once bad'st me cherish,
 For torture repay me too well?
 Now sad is the garden of roses,
 Beloved, but false Haideé!
 There Flora all wither'd reposes,
 And mourns o'er thine absence with me.

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

T. Moore.

OH! weep for the hour
 When to Eveleen's bower
 The Lord of the Valley with false vows came;
 The moon hid her light
 From the Heavens that night,
 And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.
 The clouds past soon
 From the chaste cold moon,
 And heav'n smil'd again with her vestal flame;
 But none will see the day
 When the clouds shall pass away,
 Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay
 On the narrow path way
 Where the Lord of the Valley cross'd over the moor;
 And many a deep print
 On the white snow's tint
 Shew'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.

The next sun's ray
 Soon melted away
 Ev'ry trace on the path where the false Lord came;
 But there's a light above,
 Which alone can remove
 That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleens fame.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

T. Campbell.

ALONE to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube,
 Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er:
 Oh whither, she cried, hast thou wander'd, my love?
 Or here dost thou welter, and bleed on the shore?
 What voice did I hear? 'twas my Henry that sigh'd!
 All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd she far,
 When bleeding, and low, on the heath she descried,
 By the light of the moon, her poor wounded Hussar!

From his bosom that heaved, the last torrent was streaming,
 And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar;
 And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
 That melted in love, and that kindled in war!
 How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight!
 How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!
 Hast thou come, my fond Love, this last sorrowful night,
 To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hussar?

Thou shalt live, she replied, Heaven's mercy relieving
 Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn!
 Ah, no! the last pang in my bosom is heaving!
 No light of the morn shall to Henry return!

Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true!

Ye babes of my love that await me afar!—

His faltering tongue scarce could murmur adieu,

When he sunk in her arms—the poor wounded Hussar!

THE LEGACY.

T. Moore.

WHEN in death I shall calm recline,

O bear my heart to my mistress dear;

Tell her it liv'd upon smiles, and wine

Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here:

Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow

To sully a heart so brilliant and light;

But balmy drops from the red grape borrow,

To bathe the relic from morn to night.

When the light of my song is o'er,

Then take my harp to your ancient hall;

Hang it up at that friendly door

Where weary travellers love to call:

Then if some Bard, who roams forsaken,

Revive its soft note in passing along,

Oh! let one thought of its master waken

Your warmest smile for the child of Song.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,

To grace your revel when I'm at rest;

Never, oh! never, its balm bestowing

On lips that beauty hath seldom blest!

But when some warm devoted lover

To her he adores shall bathe its brim,

Oh! then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

EXILE OF ERIN.

T. Campbell.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill:
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefather's liv'd, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

Erin my country! though sad and forsaken!
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!
Oh cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace—where no perils can chase me?
Never again, shall my brothers embrace me?
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?

Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?

Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?

And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?

Oh! my sad heart! long abandon'd by pleasure,

Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure?

Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,

But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollection suppressing,

One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:

Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!

Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!

Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,

Green be thy fields—sweetest isle of the ocean!

And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion—

Erin mavournin!—Erin go bragh!*

* Ireland my darling—Ireland for ever.

FARE THEE WELL!

Lord Byron.

FARE thee well! and if for ever,

Still for ever, fare *thee well*:

Even though unforgiving, never

'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee

Were thy head so oft bath'd in,

While that placid sleep came o'er thee

Which thou ne'er canst know again:

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
 Every inmost thought could show!
 Then thou wouldst at last discover
 'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee—
 Though it smile upon the blow,
 Even its praises must offend thee,
 Founded on another's woe—

Though my many faults defaced me;
 Could no other arm be found
 Than the one which once embraced me,
 To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet oh yet, thyself deceive not;
 Love may sink by slow decay,
 But by sudden wrench, believe not
 Hearts can thus be torn away:

Still thine own life retaineth—
 Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;
 And the undying thought which paineth
 Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
 Than the wail above the dead;
 Both shall live, but every morrow
 Wake us from a widow'd bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,
 When our child's first accents flow
 Wilt thou teach her to say "Father?"
 Tho' his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee,
 When her lip to thine is prest,
 Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
 Think of him thy love had bless'd!

Should her lineaments resemble
 Those thou never more may'st see,
 Then thy heart will softly tremble
 With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,
 All my madness none can know;
 All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
 Wither—yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken;
 Pride, which not a world could bow,
 Bows to thee—by thee forsaken;
 Even my soul forsakes me now:

But 'tis done—all words are idle—
 Words from me are vainer still;
 But the thoughts we cannot bridle
 Force their way without the will.—

Fare thee well!—thus disunited,
 Torn from every nearer tie,
 Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted—
 More than this I scarce can die.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

Montgomery.

WHEN "Friendship, Love, and Truth" abound

Among a band of Brothers,

The cup of joy goes gaily round,

Each shares the bliss of others:

Sweet roses grace the thorny way

Along this vale of sorrow:

The flowers that shed their leaves to-day

Shall bloom again tomorrow:

How grand in age, how fair in youth,

Are holy "Friendship, Love, and Truth!"

On haleyon wings our moments pass,

Life's cruel cares beguiling;

Old Time lays down his scythe and glass,

In gay good humour smiling:

With ermine beard and forelock grey,

His reverend front adorning,

He looks like Winter turn'd to May,

Night soften'd into morning!

How grand in age, how fair in youth,

Are holy "Friendship, Love, and Truth!"

From these delightful fountains flow

Ambrosial rills of pleasure;

Can man desire, can Heaven bestow,

A more resplendent treasure?

A band, with gems so richly bright,

Well form a Constellation,

Where every Star, with modest light,
 Shall gild his proper station.
 How grand in age, how fair in youth,
 Are holy "Friendship, Love, and Truth!"

THE RECLUSE.

W. Reader, Jun.

OH! come thou not near my hallow'd home.
 Tho' thy bosom's as fair as ocean's foam;
 Tho' thy voice to my ear sheds wizard chime,
 Like the wild wistful lay of a former time;
 Yet come thou not near my hallow'd cell,
 For thou art not she who should break my spell.

Tho' thou art so like the girl I knew,
 That my mem'ry loses her form in you;
 Tho' the page of thy heart may be fair and true.
 As the heart she gave me once to view;
 Yet come thou not near my hallow'd cell,
 For thou art not she who should break my spell.

Oh! that bosom be thine, if fair its hue;
 And thine be that heart, if the heart is true;
 And list to the voice, if thou lov'st it's chime,
 For thou hast heard it in former time:
 And take me home to thy hallow'd cell,
 The only she who can break thy spell.

The stars in the lake shine pale, and blue,
 And the stag he is couch'd amid the mountain dew;

The moss-cover'd paths night shadows o'er,
 But the lady returns from the wilds no more;
 He has taken her home to his hallow'd cell,
 The only she who could break his spell.

WELLINGTON'S NAME.

T. Moore.

WHILE History's Muse the memorial was keeping
 Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
 Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
 For hers was the story that blotted the leaves.
 But, oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
 When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
 She saw History write
 With a pencil of light,
 That illum'd all the volume, her WELLINGTON's name!

“Hail, Star of my Isle!” said the Spirit, all sparkling
 With beams, such as break from her own dewy skies;—
 “Thro’ ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
 “ I’ve watch’d for some glory like thine to arise.
 “For, tho’ Heroes I’ve numbered, unblest was their lot,
 “ And unhallow’d they sleep in the cross-ways of Fame;—
 “ But, oh! there is not
 “ One dishonouring blot
 “ On the wreath that encircles my WELLINGTON's name!
 “ And still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
 “ The grandest, the purest e’en thou hast yet known;
 “ Tho’ proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
 “ Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.

"At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou hast stood,
 "Go plead for the land that first cradled thy fame—
 "And bright o'er the flood
 "Of her tears and her blood
 "Let the rainbow of Hope be her WELLINGTON's name!

INDIAN MELODY.

W. Reader, Jun.

NIGHT is falling o'er the dark heath,
 Our wild path looks drear;
 Winds are howling round the couch of death;
 Rain patters o'er the bier.
 Few, ah! few have parted from the red moor,
 Where we fought the deathful fray;
 And whilst we chant thy fame o'er,
 Scarce a voice shall swell the lay.
 The beam of thy youth has shone;
 We shall bear thee to thy hills;
 Thy falcon eyes are dim, and wan,
 And our lips thy cold cheek chills.

When the dun-deer starts at evening's wind,
 Thro' his branchy horns that sighs;
 When near him cowers the timid hind,
 And scarcely breathing lies;
 When the broad moon redd'ning thro' the mists shall rise.
 Let thy dim form be near;
 Let a smile be in those pale eyes,
 Thy drooping friends to cheer.

No sound in thy desolate halls
 Shall break the twilight gloom;
 But the ravens in their dank walls
 Shall find a boding home.

WANDERING WILLIE.

Walter Scott.

ALL joy was bereft me the day that you left me,
 And climbed the tall vessel to sail yon wide sea;
 O weary betide it! I wandered beside it,
 And bann'd it for parting my Willie and me.

Far o'er the wave hast thou followed thy fortune,
 Off fought the squadrons of France and of Spain;
 Ae kiss of welcome's worth twenty at parting,
 Now I hae gotten my Willie again.

When the sky it was mirk, and the winds they were wailing,
 I sat on the beach wi' the tear in my e'e,
 And thought o' the bark where my Willie was sailing,
 And wished that the tempest could a' blow on me.

Now that thy gallant ship rides at her mooring,
 Now that my wanderer's in safety at hame,
 Music to me were the wildest winds roaring,
 That e'er o'er Inch Keith drove the dark ocean foam.

When the lights they did blaze, and the guns they did rattle,
 And blithe was each heart for the great victory,
 In secret I wept for the dangers of battle,
 And thy glory itself was scarce comfort to me.

But now shalt thou tell, while I eagerly listen.

Of each bold adventure, and every brave sear;
And, trust me, I'll smile, though my een they may glisten;
For sweet after dangers the tale of the war.

And oh, how we doubt when there's distance 'tween lovers,
When there's naething to speak to the heart thro' the e'e;
How often the kindest, and warmest, prove rovers,
And the love of the faithfulest ebbs like the sea.

Till, at times, could I help it? I pined and I pondered,
If love could change notes like the bird on the tree—
Now, I'll ne'er ask if thine eyes may hae wandered,
Enough, thy leal heart has been constant to me.

Welcome, from sweeping o'er sea and through channel,
Hardships and danger despising for fame,
Furnishing story for glory's bright annal,
Welcome, my wanderer, to Jeanie and hame!

Enough now thy story in annals of glory
Has humbled the pride of France, Holland, and Spain;
No more shalt thou grieve me, no more shalt thou leave me,
I never will part with my Willie again.

THE PIRATE'S SONG.

Lord Byron.

O'ER the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire and behold our home!
These are our realms, no limits to their sway—
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.

Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
 From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
 Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!
 Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;
 Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease!
 Whom slumber soothes not—pleasure cannot please—

Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
 And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
 The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play,
 That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?
 That for itself can woo the approaching fight,
 And turn what some deem danger to delight;

That seel's what cravens shun with more than zeal,
 And where the feeble faint—can only feel—
 Feel—to the rising bosom's inmost core,
 Its hope awaken and its spirit soar?
 No dread of death—if with us die our foes—
 Save that it seems even duller than repose:

Come when it will—we snatch the life of life—
 When lost—what reck's it—by disease or strife?
 Let him who crawls enamoured of decay,
 Cling to his couch, and sicken years away;
 Heave his thick breath; and shake his palsied head;
 Ours—the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.

While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,
 Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes controul.
 His corse may boast it's urn and narrow cave,

And they who loathed his life may gild his grave :
 Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,
 When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.

For us, even banquets fond regret supply
 In the red cup that crowns our memory ;
 And the brief epitaph in danger's day,
 When those who win at length divide the prey,
 And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er each brow,
 How had the brave who fell exulted *now* !

'TIS GONE AND FOR EVER.

T. Moore.

'TIS gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,
 Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead,
 When man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
 Look'd upward and bless'd the pure ray, ere it fled !
 'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning,
 But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,
 That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
 And, darkest of all, hapless Erin ! o'er thee.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting
 Around thee, thro' all the gross clouds of the world ;
 When Truth from her fetters indignantly starting,
 At once, like a sun burst, her banner unfurl'd.
 Oh, never shall earth see a moment so splendid !
 Then, then, had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
 The tongues of all nations, how sweet had ascended
 The first note of Liberty. Erin ! from thee.

But, shame on those tyrants, who envied the blessing!
 And shame on the light race, unworthy its good,
 Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies caressing
 'The young hope of Freedom, baptiz'd it in blood!
 Then vanish'd for ever that fair, sunny vision,
 Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
 Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and elysian,
 As first it arose, my lost Erin! on thee.

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

Lord Byron.

FAREWELL to the land, where the gloom of my glory
 Arose and o'ershadowed the earth with her name—
 She abandons me now,—but the page of her story,
 The brightest or blackest, is filled with my fame.
 I have warred with a world which vanquished me only
 When the meteor of conquest allured me too far;
 I have coped with the nations which dread me thus lonely,
 The last single captive to millions in war.

Farewell to thee, France!—when thy diadem crown'd me,
 I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth,—
 But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
 Decayed in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.
 Oh! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
 In strife with the storm, when their battles were won—
 Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blazed,
 Had still soared with eyes fixed on victory's sun!

Farewell to thee, France!—but when Liberty rallies
 Once more in thy regions, remember me then—
 The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys;
 Though withered, thy tears will unfold it again—
 Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
 And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—
 There are links which must break in the chain that hath
 bound us,
 Then turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice!

THERE'S NOT A JOY THE WORLD CAN GIVE.

Lord Byron.

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like that it takes
 away,
 When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull
 decay;
 'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone, which
 fades so fast,
 But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be
 past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of hap-
 piness,
 Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess:
 The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
 The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch
 again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes
down;

It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own;
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
And tho' the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice ap-
pears.

Tho' wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the
breast,

Through midnight hours that yield no more their former
hope of rest;

'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey be-
neath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt,—or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a vanished
scene:

As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish tho'
they be,

So midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow
to me.



THE FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

T. Moore.

DEAR Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!

The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
 Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
 But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
 That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
 This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;
 Go,—sleep, with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
 Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.
 If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
 Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
 I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
 And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own!

AND THOU ART DEAD.

Lord Byron

AND thou art dead, as young and fair
 As aught of mortal birth;
 And form so soft, and charms so rare.
 Too soon returned to Earth!
 Though Earth receiv'd them in her bed,
 And o'er the spot the croud may tread
 In carelessness or mirth,
 There is an eye which could not brook
 A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
 Nor gaze upon the spot;
 There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
 So I behold thee not:

It is enough for me to prove
 That what I lov'd and long must love
 Like common earth can rot;
 To me there needs no stone to tell
 'Tis Nothing that I lov'd so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last
 As fervently as thou,
 Who didst not change through all the past,
 And canst not alter now.
 The love where Death has set his seal,
 Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
 Nor falsehood disavow :
 And, what were worse, thou canst not see
 Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours;
 The worst can be but mine:
 The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,
 Shall never more be thine.
 The silence of that dreamless sleep
 I envy now too much to weep;
 Nor need I to repine
 That all those charms have pass'd away :
 I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd
 Must fall the earliest prey,
 Though by no hand untimely snatch'd.
 The leaves must drop away :

And yet it were a greater grief
 To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
 Than see it pluck'd to day ;
 Since earthly eye but ill can bear
 To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
 To see thy beauties fade ;
 The night that follow'd such a morn
 Had worn a deeper shade :
 Thy day without a cloud hath past,
 And thou wert lovely to the last ;
 Extinguish'd, not decay'd ;
 As stars that shoot along the sky
 Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep,
 My tears might well be shed,
 To think I was not near to keep
 One vigil o'er thy bed ;
 To gaze, how fondly ! on thy face,
 To fold thee in a faint embrace,
 Uphold thy drooping head ;
 And show that love, however vain,
 Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
 Though thou hast left me free,
 The loveliest things that still remain,
 Than thus remember thee !
 The all of thine that cannot die

Through dark and dread Eternity
Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught, except its living years.

ON THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE,

Anonymous.

NOT a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moon-beam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word in sorrow;
But we stedfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought on the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
 But nothing he'll reck if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring;
 And we heard by the distant and random gun,
 That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory :
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone with his glory.

Sir John Moore, was killed by a cannon shot in the moment of victory, at the battle of Corunna, Jan. 16th, 1809.—He was buried the same night on the ramparts of the Citadel of Corunna, a few hours before the British Troops embarked.—

ON THE EXECUTION OF GENERAL LACY,

Anonymous

O MOURN not the hero with pitiful sorrow,
 Or sully his mem'ry by weeping;
 But wild throbs of freedom indignantly borrow
 From hearts that in glory are sleeping!

His injuries stamp'd on the souls of the brave,
 Their free-born emotions to cherish,—
 O mark not the awe-striking site of his grave
 With symbols that ever can perish!

But there let him lie in his greatness alone,
 With the adamant rock for his pillow,
 And mourn'd thro' all time by the tremulous moan,
 That comes from the shore stricken billow.

There winds that know none but Almighty controul
 Shall rage in delighted commotion,
 And waters shall join in high dirge for a soul,
 As free as the masterless ocean.

His name they shall carry to regions accurst,
 The stillness of slavery breaking;
 Till, in liberty's shouts of delight it shall burst
 From nations in glory awaking.

General Lacy, much distinguished himself as a Patriot General during the Spanish Campaigns.—After the restoration of Ferdinand the Seventh, he engaged in a conspiracy against the King, for which he was shot in 1817.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR PETER PARKER, BART. R. N.

Lord Byron.

THERE is a tear for all that die,
 A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
 But nations swell the funeral cry,
 And Triumph weeps above the brave.

For them is sorrow's purest sigh
 O'er Ocean's heaving bosom sent:
 In vain their bones unburied lie,
 All earth becomes their monument!

A tomb is theirs on every page,
 An epitaph on every tongue :
 The present hours, the future age,
 For them bewail, to them belong.

For them the voice of festal mirth
 Grows hushed, their name the only sound;
 While deep remembrance pours to worth
 The goblet's tributary round.

A theme to crowds that knew them not,
 Lamented by admiring foes,
 Who would not share their glorious lot?
 Who would not die the death they chose?

And, gallant Parker! thus enshrined
 Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be;
 And early valour, glowing, find
 A model in thy memory.

But there are breasts that bleed with thee
 In woe, that glory cannot quell;
 And shuddering hear of victory,
 Where one so dear, so dauntless, fell.

Where shall they turn to mourn thee less?
 When cease to hear thy cherished name?
 Time cannot teach forgetfulness,
 While Grief's full heart is fed by Fame.

Alas! for them, though not for thee,
 They cannot choose but weep the more;
 Deep for the dead the grief must be
 Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before.

At the head of a party of seamen and whilst cheering them on to the attack of the enemies works at Bellaire, in North America, Sir Peter Parker received his death-wound and expired in a few minutes after.—August 30th, 1814.



LAMENT,

In allusion to the Loves of our regretted Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold,

By an Officer of her own Regiment.



The bright light of joy was around them—
 Their love seem'd the pure gift of heaven!
 So fondly, so firmly it bound them,
 None thought that such bonds could be riven:
 But alas, it is broken! and sorrow
 Now shades where the bright light has shone,
 And the sun that shall rise on the morrow
 Shall mock the fair sun that is gone!

Fond youth! thou hast lost the best blossom
 That England could give thee to wear!
 'Twas torn by the wind from thy bosom—
 Ah! softly its leaves nestled there!
 But 'tis fallen on the green earth that grew it,
 Where never its sweets can decay;
 For a nation's night-tears shall bedew it,
 To keep it from withering away.

AN ODE,

On the Funeral of the Princess Charlotte.

Rev. W. L. Boules.

LO! where youth and beauty lie
 Cold within the tomb!
 As the spring's first violets die
 Wither'd in their bloom.

O'er the young and buried bride
 Let the cypress wave—
 A Kingdoms hope, a Kingdoms pride,
 Lie hid in yonder grave.

Place the vain-expected child,
 Gently near her breast!
 It never wept, it never smil'd
 But seeks its mother's rest.

Hark! we hear the general cry!
 Hark! the passing bell!
 A thousand, thousand bosoms sigh
 A long and last farewell.

THE BARD'S INCANTATION.*

Walter Scott.

The Forest of Glenmore is drear,
 It is all of black pine, and the dark oak-tree;
 And the midnight wind, to the mountain deer,
 Is whistling the forest lullaby:—
 The moon looks through the drifting storm,
 But the troubled lake reflects not her form,
 For the waves roll whitening to the land,
 And dash against the shelvy strand.

There is a voice among the trees
 That mingles with the groaning oak—
 That mingles with the stormy breeze,
 And the lake-waves dashing against the rock;—
 There is a voice within the wood,
 The voice of the Bard in fitful mood,
 His song was louder than the blast,
 As the Bard of Glenmore through the forest past.

“Wake ye from your sleep of death,
 “Minstrels and Bards of other days!
 “For the midnight wind is on the heath,
 “And the midnight meteors dimly blaze;
 “The spectre with his bloody hand,†
 “Is wandering through the wild woodland;
 “The owl and the raven are mute for dread,
 “And the time is meet to awake the dead!

* Written under the threat of invasion, in the autumn of 1804.

† The forest of Glenmore is haunted by a spirit called *Dhundearg*, or Red hand.

"Souls of the mighty! wake and say,
 "To what high strain your harps were strung,
 "When Lochlin ploughed her billowy way,
 "And on your shores her Norsemen flung?
 "Her Norsemen, trained to spoil and blood,
 "Skilled to prepare the raven's food,
 "All by your harpings doom'd to die,
 "On bloody Largs and Loncarty.

"Mute are ye all? No murmurs strange
 "Upon the midnight breeze sail by;
 "Nor through the pines with whistling change,
 "Mimic the harp's wild harmony!
 "Mute are ye now?—Ye ne'er were mute,
 "When Murder with his bloody foot,
 "And Rapine with his iron hand,
 "Were hovering near your mountain strand.

"O yet awake the strain to tell,
 "By every deed in song enroll'd,
 "By every chief who fought or fell,
 "For Albion's weal in battle bold:—
 "From Coilgach, first who roll'd his car,
 "Through the deep ranks of Roman war,
 "To him, of veteran memory dear,
 "Who victor died on Aboukir.

"By all their swords, by all their scars,
 "By all their names, a mighty spell!
 "By all their wounds, by all their wars,
 "Arise the mighty strain to tell;

“For fiercer than fierce Hengist’s strain,
 “More impious than the heathen Dane,
 “More grasping than all-grasping Rome,
 “Gaul’s ravening legions hither come!”—

The wind is hush’d, and still the lake—
 Strange murmurs fill my tingling ears,
 Bristles my hair, my sinews quake,
 At the dread voice of other years—
 “When targets clash’d, and bugles rung,
 “And blades round warrior’s heads were flung,
 “The foremost of the band were we,
 “And hymn’d the joys of Liberty!”

LOCHIEL’S WARNING.

T. Campbell.

WIZARD—LOCHIEL.

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL! Lochiel, beware of the day
 When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
 And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.
 They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
 Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
 Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
 And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
 But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
 What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?

'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
 Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
 A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
 But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
 Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
 Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:
 For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
 Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
 Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
 Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
 This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
 Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
 Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth,
 From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the north?
 Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
 Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
 But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
 Ah! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.
 Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast,
 Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
 'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
 From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven,
 Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
 Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,

Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
 Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
 For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
 And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan,
 Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
 They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
 And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
 Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
 Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
 But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
 When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
 When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
 Clamanald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
 All plaided and plum'd in their tartan array—

WIZARD.

—Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!
 For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
 But man cannot cover what God would reveal:
 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
 And coming events cast their shadows before.
 I tell thee Culloden's dread echoes shall ring,
 With the blood-bound, that bark for thy fugitive king.
 Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,
 Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
 Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight;
 Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!

'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors;
 Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
 But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
 Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
 The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
 His death-bell is tolling; oh! mercy dispel,
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
 Life flutters convuls'd in his quivering limbs,
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
 Accurs'd be the faggots, that blaze at his feet,
 Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

LOCHIEL.

——Down, soothless insalter! I trust not the tale:
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
 So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
 Though my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their gore,
 Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
 And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
 Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

TO THE INVISIBLE GIRL.

T. Moore.

THEY try to persuade my dear little sprite,
 That you're not a daughter of ether and light,
 Nor have any concern with those fanciful forms,
 Who dance upon rainbows, and ride upon storms;
 That, in short, you're a woman, your lip and your breast,
 As mortal as ever were tasted and prest!
 But I will not believe it—No, Science! to you
 I have long bid a last, and a careless adieu;
 Still flying from nature to study her laws,
 And dulling delight, by exploring its cause,
 You forget how superior for mortals below
 Is the fiction they dream to the truth that they know.
 Oh! who that has ever had rapture complete,
 Would ask how we feel it, or why it is sweet;
 How rays are confin'd, or how particles fly
 Through the medium refin'd of a glance or a sigh—
 Is there one who but once would not rather have known it,
 Than written, with Harvey, whole volumes upon it?
 No, no—but for you, my invisible love,
 I will swear you are one of those spirits that rove
 By the bank, where at twilight the poet reclines,
 When the star of the west on his solitude shines,
 And the magical fingers of Fancy have hung
 Every breeze with a sigh, every leaf with a tongue.
 Oh! whisper him then, 'tis retirement alone
 Can hallow his harp, or ennoble its tone!
 Like you, with a veil of seclusion between,
 His song to the world let him utter unseen,

And like you, a legitimate child of the spheres,
 Escape from the eye to enrapture the ears!
 Sweet agent of mystery! how I should love,
 In the wearisome ways I am fated to rove,
 For ever to have you invisibly nigh,
 Inhaling for ever your song and your sigh!
 Mid the crowds of the world, and the murmurs of care,
 I could sometimes converse with my Nymph of the Air,
 And turn with delight from the clamorous crew,
 To steal in the pauses one whisper from you.

Oh come and be near me, for ever be mine!
 We shall hold in the air a communion divine,
 As pure as, of old, was imagin'd to dwell
 In the grotto of Numa or Socrates' cell:
 And oft, at those lingering moments of night,
 Where the heart is weigh'd down, and the eye-lid is light,
 You shall come to my pillow, and tell me of love,
 Such as angel to angel might whisper above!
 Oh spirit!—and then, could you borrow the tone
 Of that voice, to my ear so bewitchingly known,
 The voice of the one upon earth, who has twin'd
 With her essence for ever my heart and my mind;
 Though lonely, and far from the light of her smile,
 An exile, and weary, and hopeless the while,
 Could you shed for a moment her voice on mine ear,
 I will think at that moment my Clara is near;
 That she comes, with consoling enchantment to speak,
 And kisses my eyelid, and sighs on my cheek,
 And tells me the night shall go rapidly by,
 For the dawn of our hope, of our heaven, is nigh!

Sweet spirit! if such be your magical power,
 It will lighten the lapse of full many an hour,
 And, let fortune's realities frown as they will,
 Hope, Fancy, and Clara may smile for me still.

HOHENLINDEN.

T Campbell.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
 When the drum beat at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
 Each horseman drew his battle blade,
 And furious every charger neigh'd,
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riv'n,
 Then rush'd the steed to battle driv'n,
 And louder than the bolts of heaven,
 Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
 On Linden's hills of stained snow,
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
 Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
 Who rush to glory, or the grave!
 Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave!
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!
 The snow shall be their winding sheet,
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.



ON A BLACK MARBLE BOWL THAT BELONGED TO BURNS.

Braine.

WITH roses crown the sable bowl,
 Sweet soother of the wearied soul,
 And let the grape abound;
 Shed in the 'midst a sprig of bay,
 Strew ivy leaves, and myrtle spray,
 Let wit and wine flow round.

Pour the luxuriant purple stream,
 And let each radiant goblet beam,
 Bright with its brilliant lot;
 The bard shall now remembered be,
 With rapture hail'd his memory,
 Nor the loved maid forgot.

To animate our joys below,
 To raise the bosom's blissful glow,
 Do thou thy spells apply,
 Loved goddess of the tuneful art!
 Who twinest round the festive heart,
 The bands of melody.

Nor be thou absent, dimpled Mirth!
 From thee the frolic Joys had birth,
 Then bring them in thy train;
 And far away drive pallid Spleen,
 With Envy still united seen,
 Gay, social Pleasure's bane!

And ye, fell fiends, wain Grief, and Care!
 With haggard, reekless, gaunt Despair!
 To howling wilds retire:
 No ills shall here our bliss annoy;
 No voice, but that of mirth and joy
 Resound to rapture's lyre.

Why heaves my breast th' unbidden sigh?
 Why, to compassion's pensive eye,
 Spontaneous starts the tear?

Remembrance tells, yon fatal Bowl
 The Bard's immortal spirit stole,
 And doom'd the untimely bier.

No more the swains of "Bonny Doon"
 Shall throng to hear his voice attune
 Its "rural minstrelsy ;
 With native humour, feeling, fraught,
 Descriptive truth, energetic thought,
 And heav'n-taught harmony.

Dire Bowl! to grace thy victim dead,
 Be thy dark sides with cypress spread,
 Mix'd with the laurel wreath ;
 While I thy draught Circean shnn,
 Nor by the chalice be undone,
 That stopp'd his tuneful breath.

May thy dark form, in honour due,
 Assume a deeper, deadlier hue,
 And weeping dews distil ;
 Genius—Misfortune—sacred pair!
 Low in the dust, fall'n in thy snare,
 One grave united fill.

To fancy's eye, bedimm'd with tears,
 What habitant of heaven appears
 In purest white arrayed ;
 With brow sedate, but not severe,
 And air persuasive, hov'ring near,
 My just resolve to aid?

Temp'rance whose lip of crimson hue
 No ruddy drops of wine bedew,
 Of sweetly placid mien;
 Whose even pulse no riot knows,
 Whose breast with no wild fervour glows,
 A sainted maid serene.

And hark! her voice of mildest tone!
 "Oh shun the maid of loosen'd zone,
 Leave Pleasure, follow me!
 The muse shall then propitious here
 Thy prayer, and whisper in thy ear
 Pure strains of melody.

"Young Health and Peace, my offspring fair,
 Shall to thy humble roof repair,
 With lips exhaling balm;
 Shed their kind influence o'er thy mind,
 Prompt the firm deed, the thought refined.
 The troubled bosom calm.

Though Pleasure, nymph of artful wile,
 Present the bowl with syren smile,
 Abstain--for deep beneath,
 Though Joys upon the surface swim,
 And laughing Loves sport round the brim,
 Lurk dire disease and death."

WRITTEN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Requies.

WHOE'ER thou art, approach, and, with a sigh,
 Mark where the small remains of Greatness lie.*
 There sleeps the dust of Him for ever gone;
 How near the scene where late his glory shone!
 And, tho' no more ascends the voice of prayer,
 Tho' the last footsteps cease to linger there,
 Still, like an awful dream that comes again,
 Alas, at best, as transient and as vain,
 Still do I see (while thro' the vaults of night
 The funeral-song once more proclaims the rite)
 The moving pomp along the shadowy isle,
 That, like a darkness, filled the solemn pile;
 The illustrious line, that in long order led,
 Of those, that loved him living, mourned him dead;
 Of those the few, that for their country stood
 Round him who dared be singularly good;
 All, of all ranks, that claimed him for their own;
 And nothing wanting—but himself alone!

Oh say, of him now rests there but a name;
 Wont, as he was, to breathe ethereal flame? •
 Friend of the absent, guardian of the dead!
 Who but would here their sacred sorrows shed?
 (Such as he shed on NELSON's closing grave;
 How soon to claim the sympathy he gave!)
 In him, 'resentful of another's wrong,
 The dumb were eloquent, the feeble strong.

* After the Funeral of the Right Hon. CHARLES JAMES FOX on Friday, October 10, 1806.

Truth from his lips a charm celestial drew—

Ah, who so mighty and so gentle too?

What tho' with war the madding nations rung,
'Peace,' when he spoke, was ever on his tongue!

Amidst the frown of power, the tricks of state,
Fearless, resolved, and negligently great!

In vain malignant vapours gathered round;

He walked, erect, on consecrated ground.

The clouds, that rise to quench the Orb of day,
Reflect its splendour, and dissolve away!

When in retreat he laid his thunder by,

For lettered ease and calm philosophy,

Blest were his hours within the silent grove,

Where still his god-like spirit deigns to rove;

Blest by the orphan's smile, the widow's prayer,
For many a deed, long done in secret there.

There shone his lamp on Homer's hallowed page.

There, listening, sate the hero and the sage;

And they, by virtue an' by blood allied,

Whom most he loved, and in whose arms he died.

Friend of all human-kind! not here alone

(The voice, that speaks, was not to Thee unknown)

Wilt Thou be missed,—O'er every land and sea

Long, long shall England be revered in thee!

And, when the storm is hushed—in distant years—

Foes on thy grave shall meet, and mingle tears!

MONODY ON R. B. SHERIDAN.

Lord Byron.

WHEN the last sunshine of expiring day
 In summer's twilight weeps itself away,
 Who hath not felt the softness of the hour
 Sink on the heart, as dew along the flower?
 With a pure feeling which absorbs and awes
 While Nature makes that melancholy pause,
 Her breathing moment on the bridge where Time
 Of light and darkness forms an arch sublime,
 Who hath not shared that calm so still and deep,
 The voiceless thought which would not speak but weep.
 A holy concord—and a bright regret,
 A glorious sympathy with suns that set?
 'Tis not harsh sorrow—but a tenderer woe,
 Nameless, but dear to gentle hearts below,
 Felt without bitterness—but full and clear,
 A sweet dejection—a transparent tear
 Unmixed with worldly grief or selfish stain,
 Shed without shame—and secret without pain.

Even as the tenderness that hour instils
 When Summer's day declines along the hills,
 So feels the fulness of our heart and eyes
 When all of Genius which can perish dies.
 A mighty Spirit is eclipsed—a Power
 Hath passed from day to darkness—to whose hour
 Of light no likeness is bequeathed—no name,
 Focus at once of all the rays of Fame!
 The flash of Wit—the bright Intelligence,
 The beam of Song—the blaze of Eloquence,

Set with their Sun—but still have left behind
 The enduring produce of immortal Mind ;
 Fruits of a genial morn, and glorious noon,
 A deathless part of him who died too soon.
 But small that portion of the wondrous whole,
 These sparkling segments of that circling soul,
 Which all embraced—and lightened over all,
 To cheer—to pierce—to please—or to appal.
 From the charmed council to the festive board,
 Of human feelings the unbounded lord ;
 In whose acclaim the loftiest voices vied,
 The praised—the proud—who made his praise their pride.
 When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan
 Arose to Heaven in her appeal from man,
 His was the thunder—his the avenging rod,
 The wrath—the delegated voice of God !
 Which shook the nations through his lips—and blazed
 Till vanquished senates trembled as they praised.

And here, oh ! here, where yet all young and warm
 The gay creations of his spirit charm,
 The matchless dialogue—the deathless wit,
 Which knew not what it was to intermit ;
 The glowing portraits, fresh from life, that bring
 Home to our hearts the truth from which they spring ;
 These wondrous beings of his Fancy, wrought
 To fulness by the fiat of his thought,
 Here in their first abode you still may meet,
 Bright with the hues of his Promethean heat ;
 A halo of the light of other days,
 Which still the splendour of its orb betrays.

But should there be to whom the fatal blight
 Of failing Wisdom yields a base delight,
 Men who exult when minds of heavenly tone
 Jár in the music which was born their own,
 Still let them pause—Ah! little do they know
 That what to them seemed Vice might be but Woe.
 Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze
 Is fixed for ever to detract or praise;
 Repose denies her requiem to his name,
 And Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.
 The secret enemy whose sleepless eye
 Stands sentinel—accuser—judge—and spy,
 The foe—the fool—the jealous—and the vain,
 The envious who but breathe in others' pain,
 Behold the host! delighting to deprave,
 Who track the steps of Glory to the grave,
 Watch every fault that daring Genius owes
 Half to the ardour which its birth bestows,
 Distort the truth, accumulate the lie,
 And pile the Pyramid of Calumny!

These are his portion—but if joined to these
 Gaunt Poverty should league with deep Disease,
 If the high Spirit must forget to soar,
 And stoop to strive with Misery at the door,
 To soothe Indignity—and face to face
 Meet sordid Rage—and wrestle with disgrace,
 To find in Hope but the renewed caress,
 The serpent-fold of further Faithlessness,—
 If such may be the Ills which men assail,
 What marvel if at last the mightiest fail?

Breasts to whom all the strength of feeling given
 Bear hearts electric—charged with fire from Heaven,
 Black with the rude collision, inly torn,
 By clouds surrounded, and on whirlwinds borne,
 Driven o'er the lowering Atmosphere that nurst
 Thoughts which have turned to thunder—scorch—and burst.
 But far from us and from our mimic scene
 Such things should be—if such have ever been;
 Our's be the gentler wish, the kinder task,
 To give the tribute Glory need not ask,
 To mourn the vanished beam—and add our mite
 Of praise in payment of a long delight.

Ye Orators! whom yet our councils yield,
 Mourn for the veteran Hero of your field!
 The worthy rival of the wondrous *Three!**
 Whose words were sparks of immortality!
 Ye Bards! to whom the Drama's Muse is dear,
 He was your Master—emulate him *here!*
 Ye men of wit and social eloquence!
 He was your Brother—bear his ashes hence!
 While Powers of Mind almost of boundless range,
 Complete in kind—as various in their change,
 While Eloquence—Wit—Poesy—and Mirth,
 That humbler Harmonist of care on Earth,
 Survive within our souls—while lives our sense
 Of pride in Merit's proud pre-eminence,
 Long shall we seek his likeness—long in vain,
 And turn to all of him which may remain,
 Sighing that nature formed but one such man,
 And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan!

* Pitt—Fox—Burke.

SONG,

For the Anniversary of MR. PITT'S Birth-day, celebrated at Edinburgh.

Walter Scott.

Oh! dread was the time, and more dreadful the omen,
 When the brave on Marengo lay slaughter'd in vain,
 And beholding broad Europe bent down by her foeman,
 Pitt closed in his anguish the map of her reign.
 Not the fate of wide Europe could bend his brave spirit,
 To accept for his country the safety of shame,
 Oh! then in her triumph, remember his merit,
 And hallow the goblet that flows to his name!

Round the husbandman's head, while he traces the furrow,
 The mists of the winter may mingle with rain,
 He may plough it with labour, and sow it in sorrow,
 And sigh while he fears he has sow'd it in vain.
 He may die ere his children shall reap in their gladness,
 But the blithe harvest-home shall remember his claim;
 And their jubilee shout shall be soften'd with sadness,
 While they hallow the goblet that flows to his name!

Though anxious and timeless his life was expended,
 In toils for our country preserv'd by his care,
 Though he died ere one ray o'er the nations ascended,
 To light the long darkness of doubt and despair;
 The storms he endur'd in our Britain's December,
 The perils his wisdom foresaw and o'ercame,
 In her glory's rich Autumn shall Britain remember,
 And hallow the goblet that flows to his name!

Nor forget his grey-head, who, all dark in affliction,
 Is deaf to the tale of our victories won,
 And to sounds the most dear to paternal affection,
 The shout of his people applauding his son;
 By his firmness, unmov'd in success or disaster,
 By his long reign of virtue remember his claim!
 With our tribute to PITT, join the praise of his master,
 Though a tear stains the goblet that flows to his name!

Yet again fill the wine-cup, and change the sad measure,
 The rites of our grief and our gratitude paid,
 To our Prince, to our Warriors, devote the bright treasure,
 The wisdom that plann'd, and the zeal that obey'd.
 Fill WELLINGTON's cup, till it beams like his glory!
 Forget not our own brave DALHOUSIE and GRÆME;
 A thousand years hence hearts shall bound at their glory,
 And hallow the goblet that flows to their fame!

OH THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

T. Moore.

OH! think not my spirits are always as light,
 And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now;
 Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
 Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow:
 No, life is a waste of wearisome hours,
 Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
 And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
 Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns!

But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile;
 May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here
 Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
 And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear!

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows!
 If it were not with friendship and love intertwin'd;
 And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
 When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind!
 But they who have lov'd the fondest, the purest,
 Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd;
 And the heart, that has slumber'd in friendship securest,
 Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceived.
 But send round the bowl; while a relic of truth
 Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine—
 That the sunshine of Love may illumine our youth,
 And the moonlight of Friendship console our decline!

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

T. Moore.

WHEN he who adores thee has left but the name
 Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
 Oh! say, wilt thou weep when they darken the fame
 Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
 Yes, weep! and, however my foes may condemn,
 Thy tears shall efface their decree;
 For Heaven can witness, tho' guilty to them,
 I have been but too faithful to thee!

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love,
 Every thought of my reason was thine :
 In my last humble pray'r to the Spirit above,
 Thy name shall be mingled with mine !
 'Oh! bless'd are the lovers and friends who shall live
 The days of thy glory to see ;
 But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
 Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

FRIENDS FAR AWAY.

Horace Twiss.

COUNT not the hours, while their silent wings
 Thus waft them in fairy flight ;
 For Feeling, warm from her purest springs,
 Shall hallow the scene to-night :
 And while the magic of joy is here,
 And the colours of life are gay,
 Let us think on those that have lov'd us dear—
 The friends who are far away.

Few are the hearts, that have proved the truth
 Of their early affection's vow :
 And let those few, the beloved of youth,
 Be dear in their absence now.
 Oh! vivid long, in the faithful breast,
 Shall the gleam of remembrance play,
 Like the lag'ring light on the crimson West,
 When the sunbeam has pass'd away !

Soft be the sleep of their pleasant hours,
 And calm be the seas they roam !
 May the way they travel be strew'd with flow'rs,
 Till it bring them in safety home!—
 And if *we*, whose hearts are o'erflowing thus,
 Ourselves should be doom'd to stray,
 May some kind orison rise for *us*,
 When *we* shall be far away!



LINES,

WRITTEN ON VISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLESHIRE.

T. Campbell.

AT the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,
 I have mus'd in a sorrowful mood,
 On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the hower,
 Where the home of my forefathers stood.
 All ruin'd and wild is their roofless abode,
 And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree ;
 And travell'd by few is the grass cover'd road,
 Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode
 To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,
 By the dial-stone aged and green,
 One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
 To mark where a garden had been.
 Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
 All wild in the silence of Nature, it drew,

From each wandering sun-beam, a lonely embrace ;
 For the night-weed and thorn overshadowed the place,
 Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness! emblem of all
 That remains in this desolate heart!
 The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall ;
 But patience shall never depart!
 Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright,
 In the days of delusion by fancy combin'd,
 With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
 Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,
 And leave but a desert behind.

Be hush'd, my dark spirit! for wisdom condemns
 When the faint and the feeble deplore ;
 Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
 A thousand wild waves on the shore!
 Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of disdain,
 May thy front be unaltered, thy courage elate!
 Yea! even the name I have worshipp'd in vain
 Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again ;
 To bear is to conquer our fate.

FLY NOT YET.

T. Moore.

FLY not yet, 'tis just the hour
 When pleasure, like the midnight flower,
 That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
 Begins to bloom for sons of night,
 And maids who love the moon!
 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
 That beauty and the moon were made;
 'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
 Set the tides and goblets flowing!
 Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—
 Joy so seldom weaves a chain
 Like this to night, that, oh! 'tis pain
 To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet; the fount that play'd,
 In times of old, thro' Ammon's shade.
 Tho' icy cold by day it ran,
 Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
 To burn when night was near;
 And thus should woman's heart and look
 At noon be cold as winter-brooks,
 Nor kindle till the night, returning,
 Brings their genial hour for burning!
 Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—
 When did morning ever break,
 And find such beaming eyes awake
 As those that sparkle here!

NATURE.

Anonymous.

I LOVE to set me on some steep,
That overhangs the billowy deep,
And hear the waters roar;
I love to see the big waves fly,
And swell their bosoms to the sky,
Then burst upon the shore.

I love when seated on its brow,
To look o'er all the world below,
And eye the distant vale;
From thence to see the waving corn.
With yellow hue the hills adorn,
Bow to the rising gale.

I love far downward to behold
The shepherd with his bleating fold,
And hear the tinkling sound
Of little bell and shepherd's late,
Wafted on zephyr's soft, now mute,
Then swell in echoes round.

I love to range the valleys too,
And towering hills from thence to view,
Which rear their heads on high,
Which nought beside around is seen
But one extended vale between,
And overhead the sky.

I love to see, at close of day,
Spread o'er the hills the sun's bright ray,
While rolling down the west;
When every clond in rich attire,
And half the sky that seems on fire,
In purple robes is dress'd.

I love, when evening veils the day,
And Luna shines with silver ray,
To cast a glance around,
And see ten thousand worlds of light
Shine ever new and ever bright
O'er the vast vault profound.

I love to let wild Fancy stray,
And walk the spangled Milky Way,
Up to the shining height,
Where thousand thousand burning rays
Mingle in one eternal blaze,
And charm the ravish'd sight.

I love from thence to take my flight
Far downward on the beams of light,
And reach my native plain,
Just as the flaming Orb of day,
Drives night, and mists, and shades away,
And lights the world again.

A POET'S TOMB.

Horace Twiss.

THOUGH my visions of life are soon to depart,
 Yet sigh not, dear Helen! thus deeply for me:
 The ling'ring pulsations that throb in my heart
 Are only its fond apprehensions for thee.
 Oh! sad are the perils that compass thy way,
 For a season of sorrow and darkness is nigh:—
 When the glow-worm appears at the close of the day,
 Her lustre betrays her, and dooms her to die.

For me, love! no sweetwasting odours shall burn,
 No marble invoke thee to deck it with flow'rs;
 My ashes shall rest in a crystalline urn,
 And that urn be abroad in the sun and the show'rs.
 It shall lightly be swept by the cool-blowing gale,
 When the gay-coloured evening shines cheerfully through:
 Around it the shadows of twilight shall sail,
 And the mists of the morning embalm it in dew.

Sweet girl! may thy relics be laid in that shrine!
 For though death, we are told, is unconscious of love,
 Yet it soothes me to hope they may mingle with mine,
 As our spirits will mingle for ever above.
 And if, when the race of our being is run,
 Any record remain of the loves that we bore,
 Our story shall be, that in life we were one,
 And in dying we met, to be parted no more.

ON PARTING.

Lord Byron.

THE kiss, dear maid! thy lip has left,
Shall never part from mine,
Till happier hours restore the gift
Untainted back to thine.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
An equal love may see:
The tear that from thine eyelid streams
Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest
In gazing when alone;
Nor one memorial for a breast,
Whose thoughts are all thine own.

Nor need I write—to tell the tale
My pen were doubly weak:
Oh! what can idle words avail,
Unless the heart could speak?

By day or night, in weal or woe,
That heart, no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show,
And silent ache for thee.

THE SONG OF A SCOTTISH EMIGRANT.

Horace Twiss.

THE shadows are stealing on forest and brake,
 And again the chill desert is heavy with dew:
 And still the wide waves of the wearisome lake
 Roll, dim thro' the mist, on the heart-sick'ning view.
 Still, still, from the dawn till the last fading light,
 By the shores of Ontario I wander alone;
 But the dream of fair Scotland has cheer'd me by night,
 And her plaid wrapp'd me warm on my pillow of stone.

Yet not the long deserts, nor chill-falling damp,
 Have struck to my heart desolation so deep,
 As the ravage that swept through our colony's camp,
 When the Indians beset us in silence and sleep.
 Lost friends of my youth! why escaped I alone,
 To traverse the dark heath, and listen behind,
 While the yell of the Cannibals drown'd your death-groan,
 And the fires of their banquet blazed high in the wind!

How many, unconscious, in Scotland's sweet bow'rs,
 Even now breathe a pray'r for the friends who have roved
 On the spots where we linger'd they cherish the flow'rs,
 And sing, in the evening, the songs that we loved!
 Away, ye vain phantoms of tender regret!
 Too fondly, too madly, ye crowd on my brain!—
 Oh! no, do not fade—I will welcome you yet,
 In your wild-fleeting visions of rapture and pain!

Even here, lovely Scotland! in want and in woe,
 With a proud recollection I muse upon thee;
 For thy spirit is pure as thy mantle of snow,
 And firm as thy rocks that embosom the sea.
 May the waters of Time, while their current shall pour,
 Ever nourish thy laurels, and brighten their line!
 May Friendship and Feeling still hallow thy shore,
 And the loves of thy children be tender and true!

OUR PRINCE'S DAY.

T. Moore.

THO' dark are our sorrows, to day we'll forget them,
 And smile thro' our tears, like a sun-beam in showers;
 There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
 More form'd to be grateful and blest than ours!
 But just when the chain
 Has ceas'd to pain,
 And hope has enwreath'd it round with flowers,
 There comes a new link
 Our spirit to sink!—
 Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
 Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay;
 But tho' 'twere the last little spark in our souls,
 We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day.

Contempt on the minion, who calls you disloyal!
 Tho' fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;
 And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
 Is love from a heart, that loves liberty too.

While cowards, who blight
 Your fame, your right,
 Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array ;
 The standard of green
 In front would be seen.—
 Oh ! my life on your faith ! were you summon'd this minute,
 You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
 And shew what the arm of old Erin has in it,
 When rous'd by the foe, on her Prince's Day.

He love's the green isle, and his love is recorded
 In hearts, which have suffer'd too much to forget ;
 And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
 And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet !
 The gem may be broke
 By many a stroke,
 But nothing can cloud its native ray ;
 Each fragment will cast
 A light to the last,
 And thus, Erin, my country ! tho' broken thou art,
 There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will decay ;
 A spirit that beams thro' each suffering part,
 And now smiles at their pain, on the Prince's Day !

THE GROTTTO.

Sheridan.

UNCOUTH is this moss-covered Grotto of stone,
 And damp is the shade of this dew-dropping tree :
 Yet I this rude grotto with rapture will own ;
 And, Willow, thy damps are refreshing to me.

For this is the grotto where Fanny reclin'd,
 As late I in secret her confidence sought ;
 And this is the tree kept her safe from the wind,
 As blushing she heard the grave lesson I taught.

Then tell me, thou Grotto of moss-covered stone,
 And tell me, thou Willow, with leaves dropping dew,
 Did Fanny seem vex'd when Horatio was gone,
 And did she confess her resentment to you ?

Methinks now each bough, as you're waving it, tries
 To whisper a cause for the sorrow I feel ;
 To hint how she frown'd, when I dar'd to advise,
 And sigh'd, when she saw that I did it in zeal.

True, true, silly leaves, so she did, I allow ;
 She frown'd—but no rage in her looks could I see ;
 She frown'd—but reflection had clouded her brow ;
 She sighed—but perhaps 'twas in pity to me.

Then wave thy leaves brisker, thou Willow of woe,
 I tell thee no rage in her looks could I see ;
 I cannot, I will not believe it was so—
 She was not, she could not be angry with me.

For well did she know that my heart meant no wrong,
 It sunk at the thought but of giving her pain ;
 But trusted its task to a faltering tongue,
 Which err'd from the feelings it could not explain.

Yet oh ! if indeed I've offended the maid,
 If Fanny my humble monition refuse,
 Sweet Willow ! the next time she visits thy shade,
 I'll gently her bosom, and plead my excuse.

And thou, stony Grot ! in thy arch may'st preserve
 Two lingering drops of the night-fallen dew,
 And just let them fall at her feet—and they'll serve
 As tears of my sorrow entrusted to you.

Or, lest they unheeded should fall at her feet,
 Let them fall on her bosom of snow ;—and I swear,
 The next time I visit thy moss-covered seat,
 I'll pay thee each drop in a genuine tear.

So may'st thou, green Willow, for ages thus toss
 Thy branches so lank, o'er this slow winding stream ;
 And thou, stony Grotto, retain all thy moss,
 While yet there's a poet to make thee his theme. —

Nay more—May my Fanny still give you her charms
 Each evening, and sometimes the whole evening long;
 Then, Grotto, be proud to support her white arms,
 And, Willow, wave all thy green tops to her song.

A WISH.

Rogers.

MINE be a cot beside the hill,
 A bee-hive's hum shall sooth my ear;
 A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
 With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
 Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
 Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
 And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivy'd porch shall spring
 Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
 And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
 In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church, among the trees,
 Where first our marriage-vows were given,
 With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
 And point with taper spire to heaven.

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D.

T. Moore.

THIS life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
 That chase one another like waves of the deep,
 Each billow, as brightly or darkly it flows,
 Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.
 So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
 That the laugh is awak'd, ere the tear can be dried;
 And as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
 The goose-plumage of Folly can turn it aside.
 But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,
 With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,
 Be ours the light grief, that is sister to joy,
 And the short brilliant folly, that flashes and dies!

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
 Thro' fields full of sun-shine, with heart full of play,
 Light rambl'd the boy over meadow and mount,
 And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.
 Thus some who like me, should have drawn and have tasted
 The fountain, that runs by philosophy's shrine,
 Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,
 And left their light urns all as empty as mine!
 But pledge me the goblet—while Idleness weaves
 Her flowerets together, if Wisdom can see
 One bright drop or two, that has fall'n on the leaves
 From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me.

HUNTING SONG.

Walter Scott.

WAKEN lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chace is here,
With hawk and horse, and hunting spear;
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
“Waken lords and ladies gay.”

Waken lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are streaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming;
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chaunt our lay,
“Waken lords and ladies gay.”

Waken lords and ladies gay,
To the green wood haste away;
We can shew you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size,
We can shew the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;
You shall see him brought to bay,
“Waken lords and ladies gay.”

Louder, louder chaunt the lay,
 Waken lords and ladies gay !
 Tell them youth and mirth and glee,
 Run a course as well as we ;
 Time, stern huntsman ! who can baulk,
 Stauch as hound, and fleet as hawk ;
 Think of this, and rise with day,
 Gentle lords and ladies gay.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

T. Moore.

OH! the days are gone, when beauty bright
 My heart's chain wove ;
 When my dream of life, from morn 'till night,
 Was love, still love !
 New hope may bloom,
 And days may come,
 Of milder, calmer beam,
 But there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream !
 Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream.

Tho' the bard to purer fame may soar,
 When wild youth's past ;
 Tho' he win the wise, who frown'd before,
 To smile at last ;

He'll never meet
 A joy so sweet
 In all his noon of fame,
 As when first he sung to woman's ear
 His soul-felt flame,
 And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
 The one lov'd name!

Oh! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,
 Which first love trac'd;
 Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
 On memory's waste!
 'Twas odour fled
 As soon as shed;
 'Twas morning's winged dream!
 'Twas a light, that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream!
 Oh! 'twas light, that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream!

TO-NIGHT.

Horace Twiss.

OH! cast not a damp on this hour of delight,
 Nor check the glad pulse which is bounding to night:
 The scene sparkles gaily, and bids us be blest,
 For fled are the visions of sorrow and fear:
 The sunshine of beauty is warm on the breast,
 And all that is lovely seems loveliest here.

To-night not a tear must be suffer'd to roll,
 But the drops that may fall from the brim of the bowl:
 For though, like the bubbles that float in our wine,
 We rise on the surface, and fade with a breath,
 Yet the bubbles themselves have a moment to shine,
 And they dance on the wave, ere they melt into death.

And perhaps, when the changes of time shall convey
 The joys, that are dearest, for ever away,
 When age will have shadow'd those glances of light,
 And the warm lips of Love may be silent and cold,—
 The few who survive will remember to-night,
 And indulge in a sigh for affections of old.

FAREWELL.

T. Moore.

Farewell, but whenever you welcome the hour
 That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
 Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
 And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you:
 His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
 Of the few that have brightened his path-way of pain.
 But he ne'er will forget the bright vision that threw
 Its enchantment around him while lingering with you.

And still on that evening when pleasure fills up
 To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
 Where'er my path lies be it gloomy or bright
 My soul, happy friend, shall be with you that night,

Shall join in your revels, your sports and your wiles
 And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles !
 Too blest if it tells me that mid the gay cheer
 Some kind voice had murmur'd "I wish he was here."

Let fate do her worst ; there are relics of joy
 Bright dreams of the past which she cannot destroy,
 And which come in the night-time of sorrow and care
 To bring back the features which joy used to wear :
 Long, long, be my heart with such mem'ries filled ;
 Like the vase in which Roses have once be distill'd,
 You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will
 But the scent of the Roses will hang round it still.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

T. Campbell

YE Mariners of England !
 That guard our native seas ;
 Whose flag has brav'd, a thousand years,
 The battle, and the breeze !
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe !
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy tempests blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave !—

For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And Ocean was their grave :
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy tempests blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
 No towers along the steep ;
 Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
 Her home is on the deep.
 With thunders from her native oak,
 She quells the floods below—
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy tempests blow ;
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn ;
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceas'd to blow ;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceas'd to blow.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

T. Moore.

'TIS the last rose of summer
 Left blooming alone ;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone ;
 No flower of her kindred
 No rose-bud is nigh
 To reflect back her blushes
 Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one
 To pine on thy stem,
 Since the lovely are sleeping
 Go, sleep thou with them ;
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow
 When friendships decay,
 And from Loves shining circle
 The gems drop away ;
 When true hearts lie withered
 And fond ones are flown
 Oh! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone?

TO —————

Lord Byron.
—————

WHEN all around grew drear and dark,
 And reason half withheld her ray—
 And hope but shed a dying spark
 Which more misled my lonely way ;

In that deep midnight of the mind,
 And that internal strife of heart,
 When dreading to be deemed too kind,
 The weak despair—the cold depart ;

When fortune changed—and love fled far,
 And hatred's shafts flew thick and fast,
 Thou wert the solitary star
 Which rose and set not to the last.

Oh! blest be thine unbroken light!
 That watched me as a seraph's eye,
 And stood between me and the night,
 For ever shining sweetly nigh.

And when the clond upon us came,
 Which strove to blacken o'er thy ray—
 Then purer spread its gentle flame,
 And dashed the darkness all away.

Still may thy spirit dwell on mine,
 And teach it what to brave or brook—
 There's more in one soft word of thine,
 Than in the world's defied rebuke.

Thou stood'st, as stands a lovely tree,
 That still unbroke, though gently bent,
 Still waves with fond fidelity
 Its boughs above a monument.

The winds might rend—the skies might pour,
 But there thou wert—and still wouldst be
 Devoted in the stormiest hour
 To shed thy weeping leaves o'er me.

But thou and thine shall know no blight,
 Whatever fate on me may fall ;
 For heaven in sunshine will requite
 The kind—and thee the most of all.

Then let the ties of baffled love
 Be broken—thine will never break ;
 Thy heart can feel—but will not move ;
 Thy soul, though soft, will never shake.

And these, when all was lost beside,
 Were found and still are fixed in thee—
 And bearing still a breast so tried,
 Earth is no desert—ev'n to me.

SAW FROM THE BEACH.

T. Moore.

I saw from the beach when the morning was shining,
 A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;
 I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,
 The bark was still there but the waters were gone.

Ah! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
 So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known ;
 Each wave that we danc'd on at morning ebbs from us,
 And leaves us at eve, on the blank shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning
 The close of our day, the calm eve of our night ;—
 Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning,
 Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.

Oh who would not welcome that moment's returning,
 When passion first wak'd a new life thro' his frame,
 And his soul, like the wood, that grows precious in burning,
 Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame!

FRAGMENT.

S. T. Coleridge.

O LEAVE the lily on its stem,
 O leave the rose upon the spray,
 O leave the elder-bloom, fair maids,
 And listen to my lay.

A cypress and a myrtle bough,
 This morn around my harp you twin'd,
 Because it fashioned mournfully,
 Its murmurs in the wind,

And now a tale of love and woe,
 A woeful tale of love I sing;
 Hark, gentle maidens, hark! it sighs,
 And trembles on the string.

But most, my own dear Genevieve,
 It sighs and trembles most for thee!
 O come and hear what cruel wrongs
 Befell the Dark Ladie.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
 My hope, my joy, my Genevieve,
 She loves me best whene'er I sing
 The songs that made her grieve.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
 All are but ministers of Love,
 And feed his sacred flame

O ever in my waking dreams,
 I dwell upon that happy hour,
 When midway on the Mount I sate,
 Beside the ruined Tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene,
 Had blended with the lights of eve;
 And she was there, my hope, my joy,
 My own dear Genevieve.

She lean'd against the armed man,
 The statue of the armed knight;
 She stood and listened to my harp,
 Amid the lingering light.

I played a sad and doleful air,
 I sung an old and moving story;
 An old rude song, that fitted well
 The ruins wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
 With downcast eyes and modest grace,
 For well she knew I could not chuse
 But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight who wore
 Upon his shield a burning brand;
 And how for ten long years he wooed
 The Ladie of the Land.

I told her how he pined : and ah,
 The deep, the low, the pleading tone,
 In which I told another's love,
 Interpreted my own !

She listened with a flitting blush,
 With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
 And she forgave me that I gazed,
 Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn,
 That crazed this bold and lovely knight,
 And how he roam'd the mountain woods,
 Nor rested day nor night :

And how he crossed the woodman's path,
 Through briars and swampy mosses beat,
 How boughs, rebounding, scourged his limbs,
 And low stubs gored his feet :

How sometimes from the savage den,
 And sometimes from the darksome shade,
 And sometimes starting up at once
 In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face
 An Angel beautiful and bright,
 And how he knew it was a Fiend,
 This miserable Knight !

And how, unknowing what he did,
 He leapt amid a lawless band,
 And saved from outrage worse than death,
 The Ladie of the Land.

And how she wept and clasp'd his knees,
 And how she tended him in vain,
 And meekly strove to expiate
 The scorn that crazed his brain :

And how she nurs'd him in a cave,
 And how his madness went away,
 When, on the yellow forest leaves,
 A dying man he lay :

His dying words—but when I reached
 That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
 My faltering voice, and pausing harp,
 Disturb'd her soul with pity.

All impulses of soul and sense
 Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve,
 The music and the doleful tale,
 The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
 An undistinguishable throng,
 And gentle wishes long subdued,
 Subdued and cherished long :

She wept with pity and delight,—
 She blushed with love and maiden shame,
 And, like the murmur of a dream,
 I heard her breathe my name.

I saw her bosom heave and swell,
 Heave and swell with inward sighs,—
 I could not chuse but love to see
 Her gentle bosom rise.

Her wet cheek glowed she stept aside,
 As conscious of my look she stept,
 Then suddenly with timorous eye
 She flew to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms—
 She pressed me with a meek embrace,
 And bending back her head, looked up,
 And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love and partly fear,
 And partly 'twas a bashful art,
 That I might rather feel, than see
 The swelling of her heart!

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
 And told her love with virgin pride;
 And thus I won my Genevieve,
 My bright and beauteous bride!

And now once more a tale of wee,
 A woeful tale of love I sing,
 For thee, my Genevieve! it sighs
 And trembles on the string.

When last I sung the cruel scorn
 That crazed this bold and lovely Knight,
 And how he roamed the mountain woods,
 Nor rested day nor night:

I promis'd thee a sister-tale
 Of man's perfidious cruelty;
 Come, then, and hear what cruel wrong
 Befell the dark Ladie.

* * * * *



PORTUGUEZE HYMN TO THE VIRGIN MARY

John Layden.

STAR of the wide and pathless sea,
 Who lov'st on mariners to shine,
 Those votive garments wet, to thee
 We hang, within thy holy shrine;
 When o'er us flashed the surging brine,
 Amid the warring waters tost,
 We called no other name but thine,
 And hoped when other hope was lost.

Ave Maria Stabat!

Star of the vast and howling main,
 When dark and lone is all the sky,
 And mountain-waves o'er Ocean's plain,
 Erect their stormy heads on high :
 When virgins for their true loves sigh,
 They raise their weeping eyes to thee ;
 The Star of Ocean heeds their cry,
 And saves the foundering bark at sea.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the dark and stormy sea,
 When wrecking tempests round us rave,
 Thy gentle virgin form we see
 Bright rising o'er the hoary wave.
 The howling storms that seem to crave
 Their victims, sink in music sweet ;
 The surging seas recede to pave
 The path beneath thy glistening feet.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the desert waters wild,
 Who pitying hears the seaman's cry,
 The God of mercy, as a child,
 On that chaste bosom loves to lie ;
 While soft the choros of the sky
 Their hymns of tender mercy sing,
 And angel voices name on high,
 The mother of the heavenly king,
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the deep! at that blest name
 The waves sleep silent round the keel,
 The tempests wild their fury tame
 That made the deep's foundations reel;
 The soft celestial accents steal
 So soothing through the realms of woe,
 The newly damned a respite feel
 From torture, in the depths below.

Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the mild and placid seas,
 Whom rain-bow rays of mercy crown,
 Whose name thy faithful Portugeze,
 O'er all that to the depths go down,
 With hymns of grateful transport own;
 When gathering clouds obscure their light,
 And heaven assumes an awful frown,
 The Star of Ocean glitters bright.

Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the deep! when angel lyres
 To hymn thy holy name essay,
 In vain a mortal harp aspires
 To mingle in the mighty lay!
 Mother of God! one living ray
 Of hope our grateful bosoms fires,
 When storms and tempests pass away,
 To join the bright immortal quires.

Ave Maris Stella!

VALE CRUCIS.

W. S. Roscoe,

VALE of the cross, the shepherds tell
 'Tis sweet within thy woods to dwell,
 For there are sainted shadows seen
 That frequent haunt thy dewy green;
 In wandering winds the dirge is sung,
 The convent bell by spirits rung,
 And matin hymns and vesper pray'r
 Break softly on the tranquil air.

Vale of the Cross, the shepherds tell
 'Tis sweet within thy woods to dwell,
 For peace hath there her spotless throne
 And pleasure to the world unknown;
 The murmur of the distant rills
 The sabbath silence of the hills,
 And all the quiet God hath giv'n
 Without the golden gates of heav'n.

DEAR IS THE HOUR.

T. Moore.

HOW dear to me the hour when day-light dies
 And sun-beams melt along the silent sea;
 For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
 And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee!

And as I watch the line of light that plays
 Along the smooth wave towards the burning west,
 I long to tread that golden path of rays,
 And think 'twould lead to some bright Isle of rest!

PENSURST.

Southey.

ARE days of old familiar to thy mind,
 O reader? hast thou let the midnight hour
 Pass unperceived whilst thou in fancy lived
 With high-born beauties and enamoured chiefs,
 Sharing their hopes, and with a breathless joy
 Whose expectation touched the verge of pain
 Following their dangerous fortunes? If such love
 Hath ever thrilled thy bosom, thou wilt tread
 As with a Pilgrim's reverential thoughts
 The groves of Penshurst.

Sidney here was born.

Sidney than whom no gentler, braver man
 His own delightful genius ever feigned,
 Illustrating the vales of Arcady
 With courteous courage and with loyal loves,—
 Upon his natal day the acorn here was planted
 ———It grew up a stately oak
 And in the beauty of its strength it stood
 And flourished, when his perishable part
 Had mouldered dust to dust.
 That stately oak itself hath mouldered
 Now, —but Sidney's fame
 Endureth in his own immortal works. —

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.

T. Moore.

IT is not the tear at this moment shed

When the green turf has just been laid o'er him;
That can tell how belov'd was the soul that's fled,
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.

'Tis the tear thro' many a long day wept
Thro' a life by his loss all shaded,
'Tis the sad remembrance fondly kept,
When all lighter griefs have faded!

Oh! thus shall we mourn and his memory's light,
While it shines thro' our hearts will improve them,
For worth shall look fairer and truth more bright,
When we think how he liv'd, but to love them.

And as buried saints the grave perfume,
Where fadeless they've long been lying;
So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
From the image he left there in dying!

INSCRIPTION FOR A COLUMN AT NEWBURY.

Southey.

ART thou a Patriot, Traveller? on this field
 Did FALKLAND fall, the blameless and the brave,
 Beneath a Tyrant's banners: dost thou boast
 Of loyal ardour? HAMBDEN perished here,
 The rebel HAMBDEN, at whose glorious name
 The heart of every honest Englishman
 Beats high with conscious pride. Both uncorrupt,
 Friends to their common country both, they fought,
 They died in adverse armies. Traveller!
 If with thy neighbour thou shouldst not accord,
 In charity remember these good men,
 And quell each angry and injurious thought.

INSCRIPTION FOR A CAVERN THAT OVERLOOKS THE
RIVER AVON.*Southey.*

Enter this cavern, Stranger! the ascent
 Is long and steep and toilsome; here awhile
 Thou mayst repose thee from the noontide heat,
 O'recanopied by this arched rock that strikes
 A grateful coolness: clasping its rough arms
 Round the rude portal, the old ivy hangs
 Its dark green branches down. No common spot
 Receives thee, for the Power who prompts the song
 Loves this secluded haunt. The tide below
 Scarce sends the sounds of waters to thine ear;

And yon high-hanging forest to the wind
 Varies its many hues. Gaze, Stranger, here!
 And let thy softened heart intensely feel
 How good, how lovely, Nature! When from hence
 Departing to the city's crowded streets,
 Thy sickening eye at every step revolts
 From scenes of vice and wretchedness; reflect
 That Man creates the evil he endures.

INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT AT SILBURY-HILL.

Sout'ey

THIS mound in some remote and dateless day
 Reared o'er a Chieftain of the Age* of Hills,
 May here detain thee, Traveller! from thy road
 Not idly lingering. In his narrow house
 Some Warrior sleeps below: his gallant deeds
 Haply at many a solemn festival
 The Bard has harped, but perished is the song
 Of praise, as o'er these bleak and barren downs
 The wind that passes and is heard no more.
 Go, Traveller, and remember when the pomp
 Of earthly Glory fades, that one good deed
 Unseen, unheard, unnoted by mankind,
 Lives in the eternal register of Heaven.

* The Northern Nations distinguished the two periods when the bodies of the dead were consumed by fire, and when they were buried beneath the tumuli so common in this country, by the Age of Fire and the Age of Hills.

LOVE.

T. Moore.

TO sigh yet feel no pain,
To weep yet scarce know why,
To sport an hour with beauty's chain
Then throw it idly by;—
To kneel at many a shrine
Yet lay the heart on none,
To think all other charms divine
But those we just have seen;
This is love, careless love,
Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one sacred flame,
Thro' life unchill'd unmov'd,
To love in wintry age the same
That first in youth we lov'd;
To feel that we adore,
To such refin'd excess,
That tho' the heart would break with more,
We could not live with less;—
This is love, faithful love,
Such as saints might feel above.

ADDRESS TO THE MOON, IN IMITATION OF WILSON.

Anonymous.

COME forth sweet spirit from thy cloudy cave,
 Far in the bosom of the starless night,
 And suddenly above the mountain top,
 Lifting thy placid beauty, all at once
 Spread a still rapture o'er the encircling earth
 That seems just waking from some heavenly dream
 Hail! soft-brow'd sovereign of the sea and sky
 Thee heaven and all its glories worship. Thee
 Worships old ocean with his million waves;
 And tho' mid fleecy clouds as still as snow
 Or the blue depths of stainless sanctity
 Lies thy beloved way—yet often thou
 Art seen careering on a throne of storms
 Seemingly borne on to eternity;
 So wild the hurried glimpses of thy face,
 Perturbed yet beautiful.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK-LEAF OF A LADY'S COMMON PLACE-BOOK.

T. Moore.

THERE is one leaf reserved for me,
 From all thy dear memorials free,
 And here my simple song might tell
 The feelings thou must guess so well.
 But could I thus within thy mind
 One little vacant corner find,

Where no impression yet is seen,
 Where no memorial yet hath been;
 Oh! it should be my sweetest care
 To write my name for ever there.

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

T. Moore.

COME, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
 To simpleton sages and reasoning fools;
 This moment's a flower too fair and brief,
 To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools.
 Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue;
 But, while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl,
 The fool who would quarrel for difference of hue
 Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
 In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
 Shall I give up the friend I have valu'd and try'd,
 If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
 From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
 To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
 No! perish the hearts and the laws that try
 Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this!

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

T. Campbell.

OF Nelson and the North,
 Sing the glorious day's renown,
 When to battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark's crown,
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
 By each gun the lighted brand,
 In a bold determin'd hand,
 And the Prince of all the land
 Led them on.—

Like leviathan's afloat,
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
 While the sign of battle flew
 On the lofty British line:
 It was ten of April morn by the chime:
 As they drifted on their path,
 There was silence deep as death;
 And the boldest held his breath,
 For a time.—

But the might of England flush'd
 To anticipate the scene;
 And her van the fleeter rush'd
 O'er the deadly space between.
 'Hearts of oak,' our captains cried! when each gun
 From its adamantine lips
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,
 Like the hurricane eclipse
 Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
 And the havock did not slack,
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane
 To our cheering sent us back;—
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
 Then ceas'd—and all is wail,
 As they strike the shatter'd sail;
 Or, in conflagration pale,
 Light the gloom.—

Out spoke the victor then,
 As he hail'd them o'er the wave;
 'Ye are brothers! ye are men!
 'And we conquer but to save:—
 'So peace instead of death let us bring:
 'But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
 'With the crews at England's feet,
 'And make submission meet
 'To our King.'—

Then Denmark blest our chief,
 That he gave her wounds repose;
 And the sounds of joy and grief,
 From her people wildly rose,
 As death withdrew his shades from the day
 While the sun look'd smiling bright
 O'er a wide and woeful sight,
 Where the fires of fun'ral light
 Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise!
 For the tidings of thy might,
 By the festal cities' blaze,
 While the wine cup shines in light;
 And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep,
 Full many a fathom deep,
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,
 On the deck of fame that died,—
 With the gallant good Riou:*

Soft sigh the winds of heav'n o'er their grave!
 While the billow mournfully rolls,
 And the mermaid's song condole,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave!—

* Captain Riou, justly entitled the gallant and the good, by Lord Nelson, when he wrote home his dispatches.

POOR SUSAN.

Wordsworth.

AT the corner of Wood-street, when day-light appears,
 There's a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years:
 Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
 In the silence of morning the song of the Bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She sees
 A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
 Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
 And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
 Down which she so often has tripped with her pail;
 And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
 The one only Dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven: but they fade,
 The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;
 The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
 And the colours have all passed away from her eyes.

REMEMBRANCE.

Southey.

Man hath a weary pilgrimage
 As thro' the world he wends;
 On every stage from youth to age
 Still discontent attends;
 With heaviness he casts his eye
 Upon the road before,
 And still remembers with a sigh
 The days that are no more.

To school the little exile goes
 Torn from his mother's arms,
 What then shall soothe his earliest woes,
 When novelty hath lost its charms?

Condemn'd to suffer thro' the day
 Restraints which no rewards repay,
 And cares where love has no concern,
 Hope lightens as she count the hours
 That hasten his return.
 From hard controul and tyrant rules
 The unfeeling discipline of schools,
 The child's sad thoughts will roam,
 And tears will struggle in his eye
 While he remembers with a sigh
 The comforts of his home.

Youth comes ; the toils and cares of life
 Torment the restless mind ;
 Where shall the tired and harrass'd heart
 Its consolation find ?
 Then is not Youth as Fancy tells
 Life's summer prime of joy ?
 Ah no ! for hopes too long delayed
 And feelings blasted or betrayed,
 The fabled bliss destroy,
 And he remembers with a sigh
 The careless days of Infancy.

Maturer manhood now arrives
 And other thoughts come on,
 But with the baseless hopes of youth
 Its generous warmth is gone ;
 Cold calculating cares succeed,
 The timid thought the weary deed,

The dull realities of truth ;
 Back on the past he turns his eye.
 Remembering with an envious sigh
 The happy dreams of youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
 Of this our mortal pilgrimage
 With feeble step and slow ;
 New ills that latter stage await
 And old experience learns too late
 That all is vanity below.
 Life's vain delusions are gone by,
 Its idle hopes are o'er,
 Yet Age remembers with a sigh
 The days that are no more.

COME REST IN THIS BOSOM.

T. Moore.

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer!
 Tho' the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here ;
 Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
 And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
 Thro' joy and thro' torments, thro' glory and shame?
 I know not, I ask not if guilt's in that heart
 I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art!

Thou hast called me thy angel, in moments of bliss,—
 Still thy Angel I'll be, mid the horrors of this,—
 Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
 And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too!

LINES,

WRITTEN TO COMMEMORATE THE 21ST OF MARCH, 1801,
 THE DAY OF VICTORY IN EGYPT.

T. Campbell.

PLEDGE to the much lov'd land that gave us birth!
 Invincible romantic Scotia's shore!
 Pledge to the memory of her parted worth!
 And first, amidst the brave, remember Moore!

And be it deem'd not wrong that name to give,
 In festive hours, which prompts the patriot's sigh!
 Who would not envy such as Moore to live?
 And died he not as heroes wish to die?

Yes, tho' too soon attaining glory's goal,
 To us his bright career too short was giv'n;
 Yet in a mighty cause his phoenix soul
 Rose on the flames of victory to Heav'n!

How oft (if beats in subjugated Spain
 One patriot heart) in secret shall it mourn
 For him!—How on far Cornma's plain
 Shall British exiles weep upon his urn!

Peace to the mighty dead!—our bosom thanks
 In sprightlier strains the living may inspire!
 Joy to the chiefs that lead old Scotia's ranks,
 Of Roman garb and more than Roman fire.

Triumphant be the thistle still unfurl'd,
 Dear symbol wild! on freedom's hills it grows,
 Where Fingal stemm'd the tyrants of the world,
 And Roman eagles found unconquer'd foes.

Joy to the band* this day on Egypt's coast,
 Whose valour tam'd proud France's tricolor,
 And wrench'd the banner from her bravest host,
 Baptiz'd Invincible in Austria's gore!

Joy for the day on red Vimeira's strand,
 When bayonet to bayonet oppos'd,
 First of Britannia's hosts her Highland band
 Gave but the death-shot once, and foremost clos'd!

Is there a son of generous England here
 Or fervid Erin?—he with us shall join,
 To pray that in eternal union dear,
 The rose, the shamrock, and the thistle twine!

Types of a race who shall th'invader scorn,
 As rocks resist the billows round their shore,
 Types of a race who shall to time unborn
 Their country leave unconquer'd as of yore!

* The 42d Highland Regiment.

HARP OF SORROW.

Montgomery.

I GAVE my Harp to Sorrow's hand,
And she has ruled the chords so long,
They will not speak at my command;
They warble only to *her* song.

Of dear, departed hours,
Too fondly loved to last,
The dew, the breath, the bloom of flowers,
Snapt in their freshness by the blast:

Of long, long years of future care,
Till lingering Nature yields her breath,
And endless ages of despair,
Beyond the judgment-day of death—

The weeping minstrels sing,
And while her numbers flow,
My spirit trembles with the strings,
Responsive to the notes of woe.

Would gladness move a sprightlier strain,
And wake this wild Harp's clearest tones,
The chords, impatient to complain,
Are dumb, or only utter moans.

And yet to sooth the mind
With luxury of grief,
The soul to suffering all resign'd
In Sorrow's music feels relief.

Thus o'er the light Æolian lyre
 The winds of dark November stray,
 Touch the quick nerve of every wire,
 And on its magic pulses play;—

Till all the air around,
 Mysterious murmurs fill,
 A strange bewildering dream of sound,
 Most heavenly sweet,—yet mournful still.

O! snatch the Harp from Sorrow's hand,
 Hope! who hast been a stranger long;
 O! strike it with sublime command,
 And be the Poet's life thy song.

Of vanish'd troubles sing,
 Of fears for ever fled,
 Of flowers that hear the voice of Spring,
 And burst and blossom from the dead;—

Of home, contentment, health, repose,
 Serene delights, while years increase;
 And weary life's triumphant close
 In some calm sunset hour of peace;—

Of bliss that reigns above,
 Celestial May of Youth,
 Unchanging as JEHOVAH's love,
 And everlasting as His truth:—

Sing, heavenly Hope!—and dart thine hand
 O'er my frail Harp, untun'd so long:
 That Harp shall breathe, at thy command,
 Immortal sweetness through thy song.

Ah! then this gloom controul,
 And at thy voice shall start
 A new creation in my soul,
 A native Eden in my heart.



THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN.

Sunday.



SWEET to the morning traveller
 The sky-lark's early song,
 Whose twinkling wings are seen at fits
 The dewy light among.

And cheering to the traveller
 The gales that round him play,
 When faint and heavily he drags
 Along his noon-tide way.

And when beneath the unclouded sun
 Full wearily toils he,
 The flowing water makes to him
 A pleasant melody.

And when the evening light decays
 And all is calm around,
 There is sweet music to his ear
 In the distant sheep-bells sound.

But oh! of all delightful sounds
 Of evening or of morn,
 The sweetest is the voice of Love
 That welcomes his return.

LINES,

WRITTEN WHILE SAILING IN A BOAT AT EVENING.

Wordsworth.

How richly glows the water's breast
 Before us tinged with evening hues,
 While facing thus the crimson west,
 The Boat her silent course pursues.

And see how dark the backward stream
 A little moment past so smiling,
 And still perhaps with faithless gleam
 Some other loiterers beguiling.

Such views the youthful bard allure,
 But heedless of the following gloom,
 He deems their colours may endure
 Till peace go with him to the tomb.

And let him nurse his fond deceit,
 And what if he must die in sorrow!
 Who would not cherish dreams so sweet
 Tho' grief and pain may come to morrow!

ON LEAVING SCHOOL.

Wordsworth.

DEAR native regions, I foretell,
 From what I feel at this farewell;
 That whereso'er my steps shall tend,
 And whenso'er my course shall end:
 If in that hour a single tie
 Survive of local sympathy,
 My soul will cast the backward view,
 The longing look alone on you:
 Thus when the Sun prepared for rest,
 Hath gained the precincts of the west;
 Tho' his departing radiance fail
 To illuminate the hollow vale,
 A lingering light he fondly throws
 On the dear hills where first he rose.

CAROLINE.

PART I. *T. Campbell.*

I'LL bid my hyacinth to blow,
 I'll teach my grotto green to be ;
 And sing my true love, all below
 The holly bower, and myrtle tree.

There, all his wild-wood scents to bring,
 The sweet South Wind shall wander by ;
 And, with the music of his wing,
 Delight my rustling canopy.

Come to my close and clustering bower,
 Thou spirit of a milder clime !
 Fresh with the dews of fruit and flower,
 Of mountain heath and moory thyme.

With all thy rural echoes come,
 Sweet comrade of the rosy day,
 Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum.
 Or cuckoo's plaintive roundelay !

Where'er thy morning breath has play'd.
 Whatever isles of ocean fann'd,
 Come to my blossom-woven shade,
 Thou wand'ring Wind of fairy land !

For sure from some enchanted isle,
 Where Heav'n and Love their sabbath hold,
 Where pure and happy spirits smile,
 Of beauty's fairest, brightest mould ;

From some green Eden of the deep,
 Where pleasure's sigh alone is heav'd,
 Where tears of rapture lovers weep,
 Endear'd, undoubting, undeceiv'd;

From some sweet Paradise afar,
 Thy music wanders, distant, lost;
 Where Nature lights her leading star,
 And love is never, never cross'd.

Oh! gentle gale of Eden bowers,
 If back thy rosy feet should roam,
 To revel with the cloudless hours,
 In nature's more propitious home—

Name to thy lov'd Elysian groves,
 That o'er enchanted spirits twine,
 A fairer form than cherub loves,
 And let the name be CAROLINE.

CAROLINE.

PART II. *T. Campbell.*

GEM of the crimson-colour'd even,
 Companion of retiring day,
 Why at the closing gates of heaven,
 Beloved star, dost thou delay?

So fair thy pensile beauty burns,
 When soft the tear of twilight flows,
 So due thy plighted step returns
 To chambers brighter than the rose;

To peace, to pleasure, and to love,
 So kind a star thou seem'st to be,
 Sure some enamoured orb above
 Descends and burns to meet with thee.

Thine is the breathing, blushing hour,
 When all unheavenly passions fly;
 Chased by the soul-subduing power
 Of love's delicious witchery.

Oh! sacred to the fall of day,
 Queen of propitious stars, appear!
 And early rise, and long delay,
 When CAROLINE herself is here.

Shine on her chosen green resort,
 Where trees the sunward summit crown;
 And wanton flowers, that well may court
 An angel's feet to tread them down.

Shine on her sweetly-scented road,
 Thou star of evening's purple dome!
 That lead'st the nightingale abroad,
 And guid'st the pilgrim to his home.

Shine, where my charmer's sweeter breath
 Embalms thy soft exhaling dew;
 Where dying winds a sigh bequeath,
 To kiss the cheek of rosy hue.

Where, winnow'd, by the gentle air,
 Her silken tresses darkly flow,
 And fall upon her brows so fair,
 Like shadows on the mountain snow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline,
 In converse sweet to wander far,
 Oh! bring with thee my CAROLINE,
 And thou shalt be my ruling star!

TO THYRZA.

Lord Byron.

WITHOUT a stone to mark the spot,
 And say, what Truth might well have said.
 By all, save one, perchance forgot,
 Ah, wherefore art thou lowly laid?
 By many a shore and many a sea
 Divided, yet belov'd in vain;
 The past, the future fled to thee
 To bid us meet—no—ne'er again!
 Could this have been—a word—a look
 That softly said, "We part in peace,"
 Had taught my bosom how to brook,
 With fainter sighs, thy soul's release.

And didst thou not, since Death for thee
 Prepar'd a light and pangless dart,
 Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see,
 Who held, and holds thee in his heart?
 Oh! who like him had watch'd thee here?
 Or sadly mark'd thy glazing eye,
 In that dread hour ere death appear,
 When silent Sorrow fears to sigh,
 Till all was past? But when no more
 'Twas thine to reck of human woe,
 Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,
 Had flow'd as fast—as now they flow.
 Shall they not flow, when many a day
 In these, to me, deserted towers,
 Ere call'd but for a time away,
 Affection's mingling tears were ours?
 Ours too the glance none saw beside;
 The smile none else might understand;
 The whisper'd thought of hearts allied,
 The pressure of the thrilling hand;
 The kiss so guiltless and refin'd
 That Love each warmer wish forbore;
 Those eyes proclaim'd so pure a mind.
 Ev'n passion blush'd to plead for more.
 The tone, that taught me to rejoice,
 When prone, unlike thee, to repine;
 The song, celestial from thy voice,
 But sweet to me from none but thine;
 The pledge we wore—I wear it still,
 But where is thine?—ah, where art thou?
 Oft have I borne the weight of ill,

But never bent beneath till now ;
 Well hast thou left in life's best bloom
 The cup of woe for me to drain.
 If rest alone be in the tomb,
 I would not wish thee here again ;
 But if in worlds more blest than this
 Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,
 Impart some portion of thy bliss,
 To wean me from mine anguish here.
 Teach me—too early taught by thee !
 To bear, forgiving and forgiv'n :
 On earth thy love was such to me ;
 It fain would form my hope in heav'n !

MORNING.

Mrs. Tighe.

O MORN ! I hail thy soft, enchanting breezes,
 Thy soul-felt presence, and reviving light ;
 Thy glad approach my anxious bosom eases,
 And care and sorrow for a while take flight.

Like youth's gay hours, or Spring's delicious season,
 To me once more thy balmy breath appears ;
 Lost hope returns, assumes the face of reason,
 And half persuades to flight oppressive fears.

While darkened casements vainly light excluded,
 I wooed propitious sleep with languid sighs,
 Care through the gloom his anxious face obtruded,
 And banished slumber from my weary eyes.

The tedious hours I told with watchful anguish,
 And oft, O Morn! accused thy long delay :
 I hail thee now, no longer vainly languish,
 But quit my couch, and bless refreshing day.

Through the long night, impatient, sad, and weary,
 How melancholy life itself appeared !
 Lo! cheerful day illumines my prospects dreary,
 And how diminished are the ills I feared!

Though pleasure shine not in the expected morrow,
 Though nought were promised but return of care,
 The light of heaven could banish half my sorrow,
 And comfort whispers in the fresh, cool air.

I hear the grateful voice of joy and pleasure,
 All nature seems my sadness to reprove,
 High trills the lark his wild ecstatic measure,
 The groves resound with liberty and love :

Ere his glad voice proclaimed thy dawning early,
 How oft deceived I rose thy light to hail;
 Through the damp grass hoarse accents sounded cheerly,
 As wooed his distant love the wakeful rail.

Oh, you! who murmur at the call of duty,
 And quit your pillow with reluctant sloth,
 For whom the Morn in vain displays her beauty,
 While tasteless you can greet her smiles so loth.

You cannot know the charm which o'er me stealing,
 Revives my senses as I taste her breath,
 Which half repays the agony of feeling
 A night of horrors, only less than death.

WOMAN'S EMPIRE.

Horace Twiss.

DEAR girl, in my simple opinion,
 Your sex are to blame, when they pant
 To possess, as a right, the dominion,
 Which is not denied as a grant.

Prerogative seems not the basis
 Best suited for women's command,
 When influence keeps them their places.
 And gives them the rule of the land.

The proudest is far from a goddess:
 The brightest less bright than a star:
 And, as men are not heavenly bodies,
 I think you do best as you are.

In your sweet, simple nature of woman,
 You have the ascendant you seek:
 You are worshipp'd—because you are human.
 And potent—because you are weak.

THE LAST MINSTREL.

Walter Scott.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old ;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day ;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy ;
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry.
For, well-a-day ! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead ;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled, light as lark at morn ;
No longer courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay :
Old times were changed, old manners gone
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne ;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering Harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door ;
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp, a king had loved to hear.

He passed where Newark's stately tower
 Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower :
 'The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
 No humbler resting-place was nigh.
 With hesitating step, at last,
 The embattled portal-arch he passed,
 Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
 Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
 But never closed the iron door
 Against the desolate and poor.
 The Duchess * marked his weary pace,
 His timid mein, and reverend face,
 And bade her page the menials tell,
 That they should tend the old man well :
 For she had known adversity,
 'Though born in such a high degree ;
 In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
 Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb !

When kindness had his wants supplied,
 And the old man was gratified,
 Began to rise his minstrel pride :
 And he began to talk anon,
 Of good Earl Francis, † dead and gone,
 And of Earl Walter, ‡ rest him God !
 A braver ne'er to battle rode :

* Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, representative of the ancient Lords of Buccleuch, and widow of the unfortunate James, Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded in 1685.

† Francis Scott, Earl of Buccleuch, father of the duchess.

‡ Walter, Earl of Buccleuch, grandfather of the duchess, and a celebrated warrior.

And how full many a tale he knew,
 Of the old warriors of Buccleugh;
 And, would the noble Duchess deign
 To listen to an old man's strain,
 Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
 He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
 That, if she loved the harp to hear,
 He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained;
 The Aged Minstrel audience gained.
 But, when he reached the room of state,
 Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
 Perchance he wished his boon denied:
 For, when to tune his harp he tried,
 His trembling hand had lost the ease,
 Which marks security to please;
 And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
 Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
 He tried to tune his harp in vain.
 The pitying Duchess, praised its chime,
 And gave him heart, and gave him time,
 Till every string's according glee
 Was blended into harmony.
 And then, he said, he would full fain
 He could recall an ancient strain,
 He never thought to sing again.
 It was not framed for village churles,
 But for high dames and mighty earls;
 He had played it to King Charles the Good,
 When he kept court in Holyrood;

And much he wished, yet feared, to try
The long forgotten melody.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled ;
And lightened up his faded eye,
With all a poet's extacy !
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along :
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot :
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost ;
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied ;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

* * * * *



BENDEMEER'S STREAM.

T. Moore.

THERE's a bower of roses by BENDEMEER's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long :
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.

That bower and its music I never forget,
 But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
 I think—is the nightingale singing there yet?
 Are the roses still bright by the calm BENDEMEER?

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave,
 But some blossoms were gather'd, while freshly they shone,
 And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that gave
 All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.
 Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
 An essence that breathes of it many a year;
 Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
 Is that bower on the banks of the calm BENDEMEER.

AUTUMN.

Southey.

NAY William, nay, not so ; the changeful year
 In all its due successions to my sight
 Presents but varied beauties, transient all,
 All in their season good. These fading leaves
 That with their rich variety of hues
 Make yonder forest in the slanting sun
 So beautiful, in you awake the thought
 Of winter, cold, drear winter, when these trees
 Each like a fleshless skeleton shall stretch
 Its bare brown boughs ; when not a flower shall spread
 Its colours to the day, and not a Bird
 Carol its joyance, . . but all nature wear
 One sullen aspect, bleak and desolate,
 To eye, ear, feeling, comfortless alike.

'To me their many-coloured beauties speak
 Of times of merriment and festival,
 'The years best holiday : I call to mind
 'The school boy days, when in the falling leaves
 I saw with eager hope the pleasant sign
 Of coming Christinas, when at morn I took
 My wooden kalender, and counting up
 Once more its often-told account, smooth'd off
 Each day with more delight the daily notch.
 To you the beauties of the autumnal year
 Make mournful emblems, and you think of man
 Doom'd to the grave's long winter, spirit-broke,
 Bending beneath the burden of his years,
 Sense-dull'd and fretful, "full of aches and pains,"
 Yet clinging still to life. To me they shew
 The calm decay of nature, when the mind
 Retains its strength, and in the languid eye
 Religion's holy hopes kindle a joy
 That makes old age look lovely. All to you
 Is dark and cheerless; you in this fair world
 See some destroying principle abroad,
 Air, earth, and water full of living things
 Each on the other preying; and the ways
 Of man, a strange perplexing labyrinth,
 Where crimes and miseries, each producing each,
 Render life loathsome, and destroy the hope
 That should in death bring comfort. Oh my friend
 That thy faith were as mine! that thou couldst see
 Death still producing life, and evil still
 Working its own destruction; couldst behold
 The strifes and tumults of this troubled world

With the strong eye that sees the promised day
 Dawn thro' this night of tempest! all things then
 Would minister to joy; then should thine heart
 Be healed and harmonized, and thou shouldst feel
 God, always, every-where, and all in all.

THE MOLE-HILL.

Montgomery.

TELL me, thou dust beneath my feet,
 Thou dust that once had breath!
 Tell me how many mortals meet
 In this small hill of death?

The Mole, that scoops with curious toil
 Her subterranean bed,
 Thinks not she ploughs a human soil,
 And mines among the dead.

But, O! where'er she turns the ground
 My kindred earth I see;
 Once every atom of this mound
 Lived, breathed, and felt like me.

Like me these elder-born of clay
 Enjoy'd the cheerful light,
 Bore the brief burden of a day,
 And went to rest at night.

Far in the regions of the morn,
 The rising sun surveys
 Palmyra's palaces forlorn,
 Empurpled with his rays.

The spirits of the desert dwell
 Where eastern grandeur shone,
 And vultures scream, hyænas yell
 Round Beauty's mouldering throne.

There the pale pilgrim, as he stands
 Sees, from the broken wall,
 The shadow tottering on the sands,
 Ere the loose fragment fall.

Destruction joys, amid those scenes,
 To watch the sport of Fate,
 While Time between the pillars leans,
 And bows them with his weight.

But towers and temples crush'd by Time,
 Stupendous wrecks! appear
 To me less mournfully sublime
 Than the poor Mole-hill here.

Through all this hillock's crumbling mould
 Once the warm life-blood ran ;
 Here thine original behold,
 And here thy ruins, Man !

Methinks this dust yet heaves with breath ;
 Ten thousand pulses beat ;
 Tell me,—in this small hill of death,
 How many mortals meet ?

By wafting winds and flooding rains,
 From ocean, earth, and sky,
 Collected here, the frail remains
 Of slumbering millions lie.

What scene of terror and amaze
 Breaks through the twilight gloom !
 What hand invisible displays
 The secrets of the tomb ?

All ages and all nations rise,
 And every grain of earth
 Beneath my feet, before mine eyes,
 Is startled into birth.

Like gliding mists the shadowy forms
 Through the deep valley spread,
 And like descending clouds in storms
 Lower round the mountain's head.

O'er the wide champaign while they pass,
 Their footsteps yield no sound,
 Nor shake from the light trembling grass
 A dew-drop to the ground.

Among the undistinguish'd hosts,
 My wondering eyes explore
 Awful, sublime, terrific ghosts,
 Heroes and kings of yore :—

Tyrants, the comets of their kind,
 Whose withering influence ran
 Through all the promise of the mind,
 And smote and mildew'd man :—

Sages, the pleiades of earth,
 Whose genial aspects smiled,
 And flowers and fruitage sprang to birth
 O'er all the human wild.

Yon gloomy ruffian, gash'd and gored,
 Was he, whose fatal skill
 First beat the plough-share to a sword,
 And taught the art to kill.

Behind him skulks a shade, bereft
 Of fondly-worshipp'd Fame ;
 He built the Pyramids,—but left
 No stone to tell his name.

Who is the chief, with visage dark
 As tempests when they roar?
 —The first who push'd his daring bark
 Beyond the timid shore.

Through storms of death and seas of graves
 He steer'd with stedfast eye ;
 His path was on the desert waves,
 His compass in the sky.

The youth who lifts his graceful hand,
 Struck the unshapen block,
 And Beauty leap'd, at his command,
 A Venus from the rock.

Trembling with ecstacy of thought,
 Behold the Grecian maid,
 Whom love's enchanting impulse taught
 To trace a slumberer's shade.

Sweet are the thefts of love ;—she stole
 His image while he lay,
 Kindled the shadow to a soul,
 And breathed that soul through clay.

Yon listening nymph, who looks behind,
 With countenance of fire,
 Heard midnight music in the wind,
 —And framed the Æolian lyre.

All hail !—The Sire of Song appears,
 The Muse's eldest born ;
 The sky-lark in the dawn of years,
 The poet of the morn.

He from the depth of cavern'd woods,
 That echoed to his voice,
 Bade mountains, valleys, winds, and floods,
 And earth and heaven rejoice.

Though charm'd to meekness while he sung,
 The wild beasts round him ran,
 This was the triumph of his tongue,
 It tamed the heart of man.

Dim through the mist of twilight times
 The ghost of Cyrus walks ;
 Behind him, red with glorious crimes,
 The son of Ammon stalks,

Relentless Hannibal, in pride
 Of sworn, fix'd hatred lowers ;
 Cæsar,—'tis Brutus at his side,—
 In peerless grandeur towers.

With moonlight softness Helen's charms
 Dissolve the spectred gloom,
 The leading star of Greece in arms,
 Portending Ilion's doom.

But Homer ;—see the bard arise ;
 And hark !—he strikes the lyre ;
 The Dardan warriors lift their eyes,
 The Argive Chiefs respire.

And while his music rolls along,
 The towers of Troy sublime,
 Raised by the magic breath of song,
 Mock the destroyer Time.

For still around the eternal walls
 The storms of battle rage :
 And Hector conquers, Hector falls,
 Bewept in every age.

Genius of Homer ! were it mine
 To track thy fiery car,
 And in thy sunset course to shine
 A radiant evening star,—

What theme, what laurel might the Muse
 Reclaim from ages fled ?
 What realm-restoring hero chuse
 To summon from the dead ?

Yonder his shadow flits away :
 —Thou shalt not thus depart ;
 Stay, thou transcendant spirit, stay,
 And tell me who thou art !

'Tis Alfred :—In the rolls of Fame,
 And on a midnight page,
 Blazes his broad refulgent name,
 The watch-light of his age.

A Danish winter, from the north,
 Howl'd o'er the British wild,
 But Alfred, like the spring, brake forth,
 And all the desert smiled.

Back to the deep he roll'd the waves,
 By mad invasion hurl'd;
 His voice was liberty to slaves,
 Defiance to the world.

And still that voice o'er land and sea
 Shall Albion's foes appal;
 The race of Alfred *will* be free;
 Hear it, and tremble, Gaul!

But lo! the phantoms fade in flight,
 Like fears that cross the mind,
 Like meteors gleaming through the night,
 Like thunders on the wind.

The vision of the tomb is past;
 Beyond it, who can tell
 In what mysterious region cast
 Immortal spirits dwell?

I know not, but I soon shall know,
 When life's sore conflicts cease,
 When this desponding heart lies low,
 And I shall rest in peace.

For see, on Death's bewildering wave,
 The rainbow Hope arise,
 A bridge of glory o'er the grave,
 That bends beyond the skies.

From earth to heaven it swells and shines,
 The pledge of bliss to man ;
 Time with eternity combines,
 And grasps them in a span.

THE PICTURE.

Mrs. Tighe.

YES, these are the features already imprest
 So deep by the pencil of Love on my heart !
 Within their reflection they find in this breast :
 Yet something is wanting : ah ! where is the art
 That to painting so true can that something impart :

Oh ! where is the sweetness that dwells on that lip ?
 And where is the smile that enchanted my soul ?
 No sweet dew of love from these roses I sip,
 Nor meet the soft glance which with magic control
 O'er the chords of my heart so bewitchingly stole.

Cold, cold is that eye ! unimpassioned its beams :
 They speak not of tenderness, love, or delight :
 Oh ! where is the heart-thrilling rapture that streams
 From the heavenly blue of that circle so bright,
 That sunshine of pleasure which gladdened my sight :

Yet come to my bosom, O image adored!

And, sure, thou shalt feel the soft flame of my heart,
The glow sympathetic once more be restored,

Once more it shall warm thee, ah, cold as thou art!

And to charms so beloved its own feelings impart!

Oh, come! and while others his form may behold,

And he on another with fondness may smile,

To thee shall my wrongs, shall my sorrows be told,

And the kiss I may give thee, these sorrows the while,

Like the memory of joys which are past, shall beguile.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Wordsworth.

NO cloud, no relique of the sunken day

Distinguishes the West, no long thin slip

Of sullen Light, no obscure trembling hues.

Come, we will rest on this old mossy Bridge!

You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,

But hear no murmuring: it flows silently

O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,

A balmy night! and though the stars be dim,

Yet let us think upon the vernal showers

That gladden the green earth, and we shall find

A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.

And hark! the Nightingale begins its song,

“Most musical, most melancholy” Bird!

A melancholy Bird? O idle thought!

In nature there is nothing melancholy.

But some night-wandering Man, whose heart was pierced
 With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
 Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
 (And so, poor wretch! filled all things with himself,
 And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
 Of his own sorrows) he and such as he
 First named these notes a melancholy strain :
 And many a poet echoes the conceit ;
 Poet, who hath been building up the rhyme
 When he had better far have stretched his limbs
 Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell
 By sun or moonlight, to the influxes
 Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements
 Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
 And of his fame forgetful! so his fame
 Should share in nature's immortality,
 A venerable thing! and so his song
 Should make all nature lovelier, and itself
 Be loved, like nature!—But 'twill not be so ;
 And youths and maidens most poetical
 Who lose the deep'ning twilights of the spring
 In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still
 Full of meek sympathy must heave their sighs
 O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.
 My Friend, and my Friend's Sister! we have learnt
 A different lore : we may not thus profane
 Nature's sweet voices always full of love
 And joyance! 'Tis the merry Nightingale
 That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
 With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
 As he were fearful that an April night

Would be too short for him to utter forth
 His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
 Of all its music! And I know a grove
 Of large extent, hard by a castle huge
 Which the great lord inhabits not: and so
 This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
 And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
 Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths.
 But never elsewhere in one place I knew
 So many Nightingales: and far and near
 In wood and thicket over the wide grove
 They answer and provoke each other's songs—
 With skirmish and capricious passagings,
 And murmurs musical and swift jug jug
 And one low piping sound more sweet than all—
 Stirring the air with such an harmony,
 That, should you close your eyes, you might almost
 Forget it was not day.

A most gentle Maid

Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
 Hard by the Castle, and at latest eve
 (Even like a lady vowed and dedicate
 To something more than nature in the grove)
 Glides through the pathways; she knows all their notes,
 That gentle Maid! and oft, a moment's space,
 What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
 Hath heard a pause of silence: till the Moon
 Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
 With one sensation, and those wakeful Birds
 Have all burst forth with choral minstrelsy,

As if one quick and sudden Gale had swept
 An hundred airy harps! And she hath watched
 Many a Nightingale perch giddily
 On blosmy twig still swinging from the breeze,
 And to that motion tune his wanton song,
 Like tipsy Joy that reels with tossing head.
 Farewell, O Warbler! till to-morrow eve,
 And you, my friends! farewell, a short farewell!
 We have been loitering long and pleasantly,
 And now for our dear home.—That strain again!
 Full fain it would delay me! My dear Babe,
 Who, capable of no articulate sound,
 Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
 How he would place his hand beside his ear,
 His little hand, the small forefinger up,
 And bid us listen! And I deem it wise
 To make him Nature's playmate. He knows well
 The evening star: and once when he awoke
 In most distressful mood (some inward pain
 Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream)
 I hurried with him to our orchard plot,
 And he beholds the moon, and hushed at once
 Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
 While his fair eyes that swam with undropt tears
 Did glitter in the yellow moon-beam! Well—
 It is a father's tale. But if that Heaven
 Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
 Familiar with these songs, that with the night
 He may associate Joy! Once more farewell,
 Sweet Nightingale! once more, my friends! farewell.

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

T. Moore.

SUBLIME was the warning which Liberty spoke,
 And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
 Into life and revenge from the Conqueror's chain !
 Oh, Liberty ! let not this spirit have rest
 Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west—
 Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
 Nor, oh ! be the Shamrock of Erin forgot,
 While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain !

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their rights,
 Give to country its charm, and to home its delights ;
 If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain ;
 'Then, ye men of Iberia ! our cause is the same—
 And, oh ! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
 Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
 Than to turn his last sigh into Victory's breath
 For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain !

Ye Blakes and O'Donnells, whose fathers resign'd
 The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
 That repose which, at home, they had sigh'd for in vain,
 Breathe a hope that the magical flame, which you light,
 May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright ;
 And forgive even Albion, while, blushing, she draws,
 Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted cause
 Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain !

God prosper the cause!—Oh! it cannot but thrive,
 While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
 Its devotion to feel and its rights to maintain:
 Then how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die!
 The finger of glory shall point where they lie;
 While, far from the footstep of coward or slave,
 The young Spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
 Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain!

FROM EURIPIDES.

Rogers.

THERE is a streamlet issuing from a rock,
 The village-girls singing wild madrigals,
 Dip their white vestments in its waters clear,
 And hang them to the sun. There first I saw her,
 Her dark and eloquent eyes, mild, full of fire,
 'Twas heaven to look upon; and her sweet voice,
 As tuneable as harp of many strings,
 At once spoke joy and sadness to my soul!

Dear is that valley to the murmuring bees,
 The small birds build there; and, at summer noon,
 Oft have I heard a child, gay among flowers,
 As in the shining grass she sat concealed,
 Sing to herself. — — — — —

CAPTIVITY.

Rogers.

CAGED in old woods whose reverend echoes wake
 When the hern screams along the distant lake,
 Her little heart oft flutters to be free,
 Oft sighs to turn the unrelenting key.
 In vain! the nurse that rusted relic wears,
 Nor moved by gold—nor to be moved by tears;
 And terraced walls their black reflection throw
 On the green-mantled moat that sleeps below

LOVE.

Southey.

THEY sin who tell us Love can die.
 With life all other passions fly,
 All others are but vanity.
 In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
 Nor avarice in the vaults of hell.
 Earthly these passions, as of earth,
 They perish where they have their birth.
 But Love is indestructible;
 Its holy flame for ever burneth,
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth;
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
 At times deceived, at times oppress,
 It here is tried and purified,
 And hath in heaven its perfect rest,
 It soweth here with toil and care,

But the harvest-time of Love is there.
 Oh! when a mother meets on high
 The babe she lost in infancy,
 Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
 The day of woe, the anxious night,
 For all her sorrow, all her tears,
 An over-payment of delight!

THE LILY.

Mrs. Tigh.

HOW withered, perished seems the form
 Of you obscure unsightly root!
 Yet from the blight of wintry storm,
 It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace,
 No beauty in the scaly folds,
 Nor see within the dark embrace
 What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
 The lily wraps her silver vest,
 Till vernal suns and vernal gales
 Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap,
 The undelighting slighted thing;
 There in the cold earth buried deep,
 In silence let it wait the spring.

Oh! many a stormy night shall close
 In gloom upon the barren earth,
 While still, in undisturbed repose,
 Uninjured lies the future birth;

And Ignorance, with sceptic eye,
 Hope's patient smile shall wondering view;
 Or mock her fond credulity,
 As her soft tears the spot bedew.

Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear!
 The sun, the shower indeed shall come;
 The promised verdant shoot appear,
 And Nature bid her blossoms bloom.

And thou, O virgin Queen of Spring!
 Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed,
 Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,
 Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed;

Unfold thy robes of purest white,
 Unsullied from their darksome grave,
 And thy soft petals' silvery light
 In the mild breeze unfettered wave.

So Faith shall seek the lowly dust
 Where humble Sorrow loves to lie,
 And bid her thus her hopes entrust,
 And watch with patient, cheerful eye;

And bear the long, cold, wintry night,
 And bear her own degraded doom,
 And wait till Heaven's reviving light,
 Eternal Spring! shall burst the gloom.

TO A LADY,
 WITH FLOWERS FROM A ROMAN WALL.
Walter Scott.

TAKE these flowers which, purple waving,
 On the ruined rampart grew,
 Where, the sons of freedom braving,
 Rome's imperial standards flew.

Warriors from the breach of danger
 Pluck no longer laurels there :
 They but yield the passing stranger
 Wild-flower wreaths for Beauty's hair.

THE VIOLET.
Walter Scott.

THE violet, in her green-wood bower,
 Where birchen boughs with hazles mingle,
 May boast itself the fairest flower
 In glen, or copse, or forest dingle

Though fair her gems of azure hue,
 Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining ;
 I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
 More sweet through wat'ry lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,
 Ere yet the day be past its morrow ;
 Nor longer in my false love's eye,
 Remain'd the tear of parting sorrow.

THE CAST-AWAY SHIP.

Montgomery.

The subjects of the two following Poems were suggested by the loss of the *Blenheim*, commanded by Sir Thomas Trowbridge, which was separated from the vessels under its convoy, during a storm, in the Indian Ocean.—The Admiral's son afterwards made a voyage, without success, in search of his father.—Trowbridge was one of Nelson's captains at the Battle of the Nile, but his ship unfortunately ran a-ground as he was bearing down on the enemy.

A VESSEL sailed from Albion's shore,
 To utmost India bound,
 Its crest a hero's pendant bore,
 With broad sea-laurels crown'd.
 In many a fierce and noble fight,
 Though foil'd on that Egyptian night,
 When Gallia's host was drown'd,
 And NELSON o'er his country's foes,
 Like the destroying angel rose.

A gay and gallant company,
 With shouts that rend the air,
 For warrior-wreaths upon the sea,
 Their joyful brows prepare ;
 But many a maiden's sigh was sent,
 And many a mother's blessing went,
 And many a father's prayer,
 With that exulting ship to sea,
 With that undaunted company..

The deep, that, like a cradled child,
 In breathing slumber lay,
 More warmly blush'd, more sweetly smiled,
 As rose the kindling day ;
 Through ocean's mirror, dark and clear,
 Reflected skies and clouds appear
 In morning's rich array ;
 The land is lost, the waters glow,
 'Tis heaven above, around, below.

Majestic o'er the sparkling tide,
 See the tall vessel sail,
 With swelling wings, in shadowy pride,
 A swan before the gale ;
 Deep-laden merchants rode behind ;
 —But, fearful of the fickle wind,
 Britannia's cheek grew pale,
 When, lessening through the flood of light,
 Their leader vanish'd from her sight.

Oft had she hail'd its trophied prow,
 Victorious from the war,
 And banner'd masts that would not bow,
 Though riv'n with many a scar;
 Oft had her oaks their tribute brought,
 To rib its flanks, with thunder fraught;
 But late her evil star
 Had cursed it on its homeward way,
 — 'The spoiler shall become the prey.'

Thus warn'd Britannia's anxious heart
 Throbb'd with prophetic woe,
 When she beheld that ship depart,
 A fair ill-omen'd show!
 So views the mother, through her tears,
 The daughter of her hopes and fears,
 When hectic beauties glow
 On the frail cheek, where sweetly bloom
 The roses of an early tomb.

No fears the brave adventurers knew,
 Peril and death they spurn'd;
 Like full-fledged eagles forth they flew;
 Jove's birds, that proudly burn'd,
 In battle-hurricanes to wield
 His lightnings on the billowy field;
 And many a look they turn'd
 O'er the blue waste of waves, to spy
 A Gallic ensign in the sky.

But not to crush the vaunting foe,
 In combat on the main,
 Nor perish by a glorious blow,
 In mortal triumph slain,
 Was their unutterable fate ;
 —That story would the Muse relate,
 The song might rise in vain ;
 In Ocean's deepest, darkest bed
 The secret slumbers with the dead.

On India's long-expecting strand
 Their sails were never furl'd ;
 Never on known or friendly land,
 By storms their keel was hurl'd :
 Their native soil no more they trod,
 They rest beneath no hallow'd sod :
 Throughout the living world,
 This sole memorial of their lot
 Remains,—they *were*, and they are *not*.

The Spirit of the Cape* pursued
 Their long and toilsome way ;
 At length, in ocean solitude,
 He sprang upon his prey ;
 'Havoc!' the shipwreck-demon cried,
 Loosed all his tempests on the tide,
 Gave all his lightnings play :
 The abyss recoil'd before the blast,
 Firm stood the seamen till the last

* The Cape of Good Hope, formerly called the Cape of Storms.—See Camoën's *Lusiad*, book V.

Like shooting stars, athwart the gloom
 'The merchant-sails were spread;
 Yet oft, before its midnight doom,
 They mark'd the high mast-head
 Of that devoted vessel, tost
 By winds and floods, now seen, now lost;
 While every gun-fire spread
 A dimmer flash, a fainter roar:
 —At length they saw, they heard no more.

There are to whom that ship was dear,
 For love and kindred's sake;
 When these the voice of Rumour hear,
 Their inmost heart shall quake,
 Shall doubt, and fear, and wish, and grieve,
 Believe, and long to unbelieve,
 But never cease to ache;
 Still doom'd, in sad suspense, to bear
 The Hope that keeps alive Despair.

THE SEQUEL.

HE sought his Sire from shore to shore,
 He sought him day by day;
 The prow he tracked was seen no more,
 Breasting the ocean-spray;
 Yet, as the winds his voyage sped,
 He sail'd above his father's head,
 Unconscious where it lay,
 Deep, deep beneath the rolling main:
 —He sought his Sire: he sought in vain.

Son of the brave! no longer weep;
 Still with affection true,
 Along the wild disastrous deep,
 Thy father's course pursue:
 Full in his wake of glory steer,
 His spirit prompts thy bold career,
 His compass guides thee through;
 So, while thy thunders awe the sea,
 Britain shall find thy Sire in thee.

ON RECEIVING A BRANCH OF MEZEREON,
 WHICH FLOWERED AT WOODSTOCK, DECEMBER, 1809.

Mrs. Tighe.

ODOURS of Spring, my sense ye charm
 With fragrance premature;
 And 'mid these days of dark alarm,
 Almost to hope allure.
 Methinks with purpose soft ye come
 To tell of brighter hours,
 Of May's blue skies, abundant bloom,
 Her sunny gales and showers.

Alas! for me shall May in vain
 The powers of life restore;
 These eyes that weep and watch in pain
 Shall see her charms no more.
 No, no, this anguish cannot last!
 Beloved friends, adieu!
 The bitterness of death were past,
 Could I resign but you.

But oh! in every mortal pang
 That rends my soul from life,
 That soul, which seems on you to hang
 Through each convulsive strife,
 Even now, with agonizing grasp
 Of terror and regret,
 To all in life its love would clasp
 Clings close and closer yet.

Yet why, immortal, vital spark!
 Thus mortally opprest?
 Look up, my soul: through prospects dark,
 And bid thy terrors rest;
 Forget, forego thy earthly part,
 Thine heavenly being trust:—
 Ah, vain attempt! my coward heart
 Still shuddering clings to dust.

Oh ye! who sooth the pangs of death
 With love's own patient care,
 Still, still retain this fleeting breath,
 Still pour the fervent prayer:—
 And ye, whose smile must greet my eye
 No more, nor voice my ear,
 Who breathe for me the tender sigh,
 And shed the pitying tear

Whose kindness (though far far removed
 My grateful thoughts perceive,
 Pride of my life, esteemed, beloved,
 My last sad claim receive!

Oh! do not quite your friend forget,
 Forget alone her faults;
 And speak of her with fond regret
 Who asks your lingering thoughts.

SONNET.

Mrs. Tighe.

As nearer I approach that fatal day
 Which makes all mortal cares appear so light,
 Time seems on swifter wing to speed his flight,
 And Hope's fallacious visions fade away;
 While to my fond desires, at length, I say,
 Behold, how quickly melted from your sight
 The promised objects you esteemed so bright,
 When love was all your song, and life looked gay!
 Now let us rest in peace! those hours are past,
 And with them all the agitating train
 By which Hope led the wandering cheated soul;
 Wearied, she seeks repose, and owns at last
 How sighs, and tears, and youth, were spent in vain,
 While Languishing she mourned in Folly's sad control

LINES ON THE DEATH OF SHERIDAN.

Anonymous.

YES, grief will have way—but the fast falling tear
 Shall be mingled with deep execrations on those,
 Who could bask in that Spirit's meridian career,
 And leave it thus lonely and dark at its close:—

Whose vanity flew round him, only while fed
 By the odour his fame in its summer-time gave;—
 Whose vanity now, with quick scent for the dead,
 Like the Ghoul of the East, comes to feed at his grave!

Oh! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,
 And spirits so mean in the great and high-born;
 To think what a long line of titles may follow
 The relics of him who died—friendless and lorn!

How proud they can press to the fun'ral array
 Of one, whom they shunn'd in his sickness and sorrow:—
 How bailiffs may seize his last blanket, to-day,
 Whose pall shall be held up by nobles, to-morrow!

- “ Was this then the fate of that high-gifted man,
 “ The pride of the palace, the bower and the hall,
 “ The orator—dramatist—minstrel,—who ran
 “ Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all!

 “ Whose mind was an essence, compounded with art
 “ From the finest and best of all other men’s powers ;—
 “ Who ruled, like a wizard, the world of the heart,
 “ And could call up its sunshine, or bring down its showers

 “ Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly’s light,
 “ Play’d round every subject, and shone as it play’d ;—
 “ Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,
 “ Ne’er carried a heart-stain away on its blade ;—

 “ Whose eloquence—bright’ning whatever it tried,
 “ Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave,—
 “ Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide,
 “ As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave ! ”

Yes—such was the man, and so wretched his fate ;—
 And thus, sooner or later, shall all have to grieve,
 Who waste their morn’s dew in the beams of the Great,
 And expect ’twill return to refresh them at eve !

“ Was *this* then the fate ! ”—future ages will say,
 When *some* names shall live but in history’s curse ;
 When Truth will be heard, and these Lords of a day
 Be forgotten as fools, or remember’d as worse ;—

In the woods of the North there are insects that prey
 On the brain of the elk till his very last sigh ; *
 Oh, Genius ! thy patrons, more cruel than they,
 First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die !

* Naturalists have observed that, upon dissecting an elk, there was found in its head some *large* flies, with its brain almost eaten away by them.—*History of Poland*.

FREDERIC.

Southey.

Time, Night. Scene, the Woods.

WHERE shall I turn me ? whither shall I bend
 My weary way ? thus worn with toil and faint,
 How through the thorny mazes of this wood
 Attain my distant dwelling ? That deep cry
 That rings along the forest seems to sound
 My parting knell : it is the midnight howl
 Of hungry monsters prowling for their prey !
 Again ! O save me—save me, gracious Heaven !
 I am not fit to die.

Thou coward wretch,
 Why heaves thy trembling heart ? why shake thy limbs
 Beneath their palsied burden ? Is there aught
 So lovely in existence ? wouldst thou drain
 Even to its dregs the bitter draught of life ?
 Stamped with the brand of Vice and Infamy,
 Why should the villain Frederic shrink from Death ?

Death! Where the magic in that empty name
 That chills my inmost heart? why at the thought
 Starts the cold dew of fear on every limb?
 There are no terrors to surround the Grave,
 When the calm Mind collected in itself
 Surveys that narrow house: the ghastly train
 That haunt the midnight of delirious Guilt
 Then vanish; in that home of endless rest
 All sorrows cease.—Would I might slumber there!

Why then this panting of the fearful heart?
 This miser love of life, that dreads to lose
 Its cherished torment? shall the diseased man
 Yield up his members to the surgeon's knife,
 Doubtful of succour, but to ease his frame
 Of fleshly anguish; and the coward wretch,
 Whose ulcerated soul can know no help,
 Shrink from the best Physician's certain aid?
 Oh, it were better far to lay me down
 Here on this cold damp earth, till some wild beast
 Seize on his willing victim!

If to die

Were all, it were most sweet to rest my head
 On the cold clod, and sleep the sleep of Death.
 But if the Archangel's trump at the last hour
 Startle the ear of Death, and wake the soul
 To piensy!—Dreams of infancy: fit tales
 For garrulous beldames to affrighten babes!

What if I warred upon the world? the world
 Had wronged me first: I had endured the ills
 Of hard injustice; all this goodly earth
 Was but to me one waste wilderness;
 I had no share in nature's patrimony,
 Blasted were all my morning hopes of youth,
 Dark DISAPPOINTMENT followed on my ways,
 CARE was my bosom inmate, and keen WANT
 Gnawed at my heart. ETERNAL ONE, thou knowest
 How that poor heart even in the bitter hour
 Of lowdest revelry has inly yearned
 For peace

My FATHER! I will call on thee,
 Pour to thy mercy-seat my earnest prayer,
 And wait thy righteous will, resigned of soul.
 O thoughts of comfort! how the afflicted heart,
 Tired with the tempest of its passions, rests
 On you with holy hope! The hollow howl
 Of yonder harmless tenant of the woods
 Bursts not with terror on the sober sense.
 If I have sinned against mankind, on them
 Be that past sin; they made me what I was.
 In these extremest climes can Want no more
 Urge to the deeds of darkness, and at length
 Here shall I rest. What though my hut be poor—
 The rains descend not through its humble roof:
 Would I were there again! The night is cold;
 And what if in my wanderings I should rouse
 The savage from his thicket!

Hark! the gun!

And lo, the fire of safety! I shall reach

My little hut again! again by toil
 Force from the stubborn earth my sustenance,
 And quick-eared guilt will never start alarmed
 Amid the well earned meal. This felon's garb—
 Will it not shield me from the winds of Heaven?
 And what could purple more? O strengthen me,
 Eternal One, in this serener state!
 Cleanse thou mine heart, so PENITENCE and FAITH
 Shall heal my soul, and my last days be peace.



A SKETCH FROM PRIVATE LIFE.

Lord Byron.

BORN in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
 Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head;
 Next—for some gracious service unexpressed,
 And from its wages only to be guess'd—
 Raised from the toilet to the table,—where
 Her wondering betters wait behind her chair.
 With eye unmoved, and forehead unabash'd,
 She dines from off the plates she lately wash'd.
 Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie—
 The genial confidante, and general spy—
 Who could, ye gods! her next employment guess—
 An only infant's earliest governess!
 She taught the child to read, and taught so well,
 That she herself, by teaching, learn'd to spell.
 An adept next in penmanship she grows,
 As many a nameless slander deftly shows:

What she had made the pupil of her art,
 None know—but that high Soul secur'd the heart,
 And panted for the truth it could not hear,
 With longing breast and undeluded ear.

Foil'd was perversion by that youthful mind,
 Which Flattery fooled not—Baseness could not blind,
 Deceit infect not—near Contagion soil—
 Indulgence weaken—nor Example spoil—
 Nor master'd Science tempt her to look down
 On humbler talents with a pitying frown—
 Nor Genius swell—nor Beauty render vain—
 Nor Envy ruffle to retaliate pain—
 Nor Fortune change—Pride raise—nor Passion bow,
 Nor Virtue teach austerity—till now.
 Serenely purest of her sex that live,
 But wanting one sweet weakness—to forgive,
 Too shock'd at faults her soul can never know,
 She deems that all could be like her below:
 Foe to all vice, yet hardly Virtue's friend,
 For Virtue pardons those she would amend.

But to the theme:—now laid aside too long,
 The baleful burthen of this honest song—
 Though all her former functions are no more,
 She rules the circle which she serv'd before.
 If mothers—none know why—before her quake;
 If daughters dread her for the mother's sake:
 If early habits—those false links, which bind
 At times the loftiest to the meanest mind—

Have given her power too deeply to instil
 The angry essence of her deadly will ;
 If like a snake she steal within your walls,
 Till the black slime betray her as she crawls ;
 If like a viper to the heart she wind,
 And leave the venom there she did not find ;—
 What marvel that this hag of hatred works
 Eternal evil latent as she lurks,
 To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,
 And reign the Hecate of domestic hells ?
 Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints
 With all the kind mendacity of hints,
 While mingling truth with falsehood—sneers with smiles—
 A thread of candour with a web of wiles ;
 A plain blunt show of briefly-spoken seeming,
 To hide her bloodless heart's soul-harden'd scheming ;
 A lip of lies—a face formed to conceal ;
 And, without feeling, mock at all who feel :
 With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown ;
 A cheek of parchment—and an eye of stone.
 Mark, how the channels of her yellow blood
 Ooze to her skin, and stagnate there to mud,
 Cased like the centipede in saffron mail,
 Or darker greenness of the scorpion's scale—
 (For drawn from reptiles only may we trace
 Congenial colours in that soul or face)—
 Look on her features ! and behold her mind
 As in a mirror of itself defined :
 Look on the picture ! deem it not o'ercharged—
 There is no trait which might not be enlarged :—
 Yet true to " Nature's journeymen," who made

This monster when their mistress left off trade,—
 This female dog-star of her little sky,
 Where all beneath her influence droop or die.

Oh! wretch without a tear—without a thought
 Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought—
 The time shall come, nor long remote, when thou
 Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now;
 Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,
 And turn thee howling in unpitied pain.
 May the strong curse of crush'd affections light
 Back on thy bosom with reflected blight!
 And make thee in thy leprosy of mind
 As loathsome to thyself as to mankind!
 Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,
 Black—as thy will for others would create:
 Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust,
 And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.
 Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed,—
 The widow'd couch of fire, that thou hast spread!
 Then, when thou fain wouldst weary Heaven with prayer,
 Look on thine earthly victims—and despair!
 Down to the dust!—and, as thou rott'st away,
 Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.
 But for the love I bore, and still must bear,
 To her thy malice from all ties would tear—
 Thy name—thy human name—to every eye
 The climax of all scorn should hang on high,
 Exalted o'er thy less abhorred compeers—
 And festering in the infamy of years.

ON THE LIFTING OF THE BANNER OF
THE HOUSE OF BUCCLEUCH,
AT A GREAT FOOT-BALL MATCH ON CARTERHAUGH.

Walter Scott.

FROM the brown crest of Newark its summons extending,
Our signal is waving in smoke and in flame;
And each forester blithe from his mountain descending,
Bounds light o'er the heather to join in the game.

CHORUS.

*Then up with the Banner, let forest winds fan her,
She has blazed over Ettricke eight ages and more;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
With heart and with hand, like our fathers before.*

When the Southern invader spread waste and disorder,
At the glance of her creseents he paused and withdrew,
For around them were marshall'd the pride of the Border,
The Flowers of the Forest, the Bands of BUCCLEUCH.

A stripling's weak hand to our revel has born her,
No mail-glove has grasped her, no spearmen surround
But ere a bold foeman should scathe or should scorn her,
A thousand true hearts would be cold on the ground.

We forget each contention of civil dissention,
And hail, like our brethren, HOME, DOUGLAS, and CAR,
And ELLIOT and PRINGLE in pastime shall mingle,
As welcome in peace as their fathers in war.

Then strip, lads, and to it, though sharp be the weather,
 And if, by mischance, you should happen to fall,
 There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather,
 And life itself is but a game at foot-ball.

And when it is over, we'll drink a blithe measure
 To each laird and each lady that witness'd our fun,
 And to every blithe heart that took part in our pleasure,
 To the lads that have lost and the lads that have won.

May the Forest still flourish, both Borough and Landward,
 From the hall of the Peer to the herd's ingle-nook;
 And huzza! my brave hearts, for BUCCLEUCH and his standard,
 For the King and the Country, the Clan and the Duke!

*Then up with the Banner, let forest winds fan her,
 She has blazed over Ettricke eight ages and more;
 In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
 With heart and with hand like our fathers before*

DOINA DE CLYDE.

L. T. Berguer.

DEAR to my soul are the hills of the Highlands,
 There, the Clan-Alpine lived outlawed and lone :
 Dear to my soul the Hebridean islands,
 Bruce at thy bridals, there, Editha, shone.
 Yet, not so much for yon chief of the mountain,
 Pathless Benledi, I joy in thy pride :
 Dearer to me are thy rude rock and fountain,
 Since they are sacred to DOINA DE CLYDE.

Oft, in the trance of my fancy I've wandered
 O'er the high summits of bald Benvenue ;
 Oft, on the banks of Loch-Katrine I've pondered,
 Dreaming the barge of its Lady to view.
 Haunts of romantic and wild meditation,
 Mightier charms to your scenes are allied ;
 Now, that your objects, in sweet combination,
 Back to my fancy bring DOINA DE CLYDE.

Victress at Bannock, but vanquished at Flodden,
 Caledon triumphed alternate in war ;
 'Till, with her tartans blood drenched at Culloden,
 Down from her orbit she dropped, like a star.
 Ruined and lost, from the conquering foemen
 Far fled the STUART, her glory and pride :
 Say,—did he 'scape from the Cumberland yeomen ?
 Yes ! in the halls of my DOINA DE CLYDE.

DOINA DE CLYDE! yet thy clansmen shall glory,
 When their brave chieftain's descendant they view :
 Oft shall they think of that Highlander's story,
 True to his prince, when 'twas death to be true.
 When to my thoughts red Culloden arises,
 Thon, and the STUART, my breast shall divide :
 Woe to the wretch, who the tartans despises,
 Since they are dear to sweet DOINA DE CLYDE.

Oh! had I lived in the tempest of battle,
 When the war-fends on the borders were high—
 Dear to me, then, were the musketry's rattle,
 Daring each danger for DOINA's bright eye.
 Blest were I, then, with her white arm around me,
 Slinging my father's claymore at my side :
 Blest were I, then, when each night-fall had found me
 Locked in the arms of my DOINA DE CLYDE.



THE KITTEN.

Joanna Baillic.

WANTON drole, whose harmless play
 Beguiles the rustic's closing day,
 When drawn the evening fire about,
 Sit aged Crone, and thoughtless Lout,
 And child upon his three-foot stool,
 Waiting till his supper cool ;
 And maid, whose cheek outblooms the rose,
 As bright the blazing faggot glows,

Who, bending to the friendly light,
 Plies her task with busy sleight ;
 Come, show thy tricks and sportive graces
 Thus circled round with merry faces.

Backward coil'd, and crouching low,
 With glaring eye-balls watch thy foe,
 The housewife's spindle whirling round,
 Or thread, or straw, that on the ground
 Its shadow throws, by urchin sly
 Held out to lure thy roving eye ;
 Then, onward stealing, fiercely spring
 Upon the futile, faithless thing,
 Now, wheeling round, with bootless skill,
 Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,
 As oft beyond thy curving side
 Its jetty tip is seen to glide ;
 Till, from thy centre starting far,
 Thou sidelong rear'st with rump in air,
 Erected stiff, and gait awry,
 Like Madam in her tantrums high :
 Though ne'er a Madam of them all
 Whose silken kirtle sweeps the hall,
 More varied trick and whim displays,
 To catch the admiring stranger's gaze.

Doth power in measured verses dwell,
 All thy vagaries wild to tell?
 Ah no! the start, the jet, the bound,
 The giddy scamper round and round,
 With leap, and jerk, and high curvet,
 And many a whirling somerset,

(Permitted be the modern Muse
 Expression technical to use)
 These mock the defftest rhymester's skill,
 But poor in art, though rich in will.

The featest tumbler, stage-bedight,
 To thee is but a clumsy wight,
 Who every limb and sinew strains
 To do what costs thee little pains,
 For which, I trow, the gaping crowd
 Requites him oft with plaudits loud.
 But, stopped the while thy wanton play,
 Applauses, too, *thy* feats repay :
 For then, beneath some urchin's hand,
 With modest pride thou tak'st thy stand,
 While many a stroke of fondness glides
 Along thy back and tabby sides.
 Dilated swells thy glossy fur,
 And loudly sings thy busy pur ;
 As, timing well the equal sound,
 Thy clutching feet bepat the ground,
 And all their harmless claws disclose,
 Like prickles of an early rose ;
 While softly from thy whiskered cheek
 Thy half-closed eyes peer mild and meek.

But, not alone by cottage fire
 Do rustics rude thy feats admire :
 The learned sage, whose thoughts explore
 The widest range of human lore,

Or, with unfettered fancy, fly
 Through airy heights of poesy,
 Pausing, smiles with altered air
 To see thee climb his elbow chair,
 Or, struggling on the mat below,
 Hold warfare with his slipper'd toe.
 The widow'd dame, or lonely maid,
 Who in the still, but cheerless shade
 Of home unsocial, spends her age,
 And rarely turns a lettered page;
 Upon her hearth for thee lets fall
 The rounded cork, or paper ball,
 Nor chides thee on thy wicked watch
 The ends of ravell'd skein to catch,
 But lets thee have thy wayward will,
 Perplexing oft her sober skill.
 Even he, whose mind of gloomy bent,
 In lonely tower or prison pent,
 Reviews the wit of former days,
 And loaths the world and all its ways;
 What time the lamp's unsteady gleam
 Doth rouse him from his moody dream,
 Feels, as thou gambol'st round his seat,
 His heart with pride less fiercely beat,
 And smiles, a link in thee to find
 That joins him still to living kind.

Whence hast thou then, thou witless puss,
 The magic power to charm us thus?
 Is it, that in thy glaring eye,
 And rapid movements, we descry,

While we at ease, secure from ill,
 The chimney corner snugly fill,
 A lion, darting on the prey,
 A tyger, at his ruthless play?
 Or, is it, that in thee we trace,
 With all thy varied wanton grace,
 An emblem view'd with kindred eye,
 Of tricky, restless infancy?
 Ah! many a lightly-sportive child,
 Who hath, like thee, our wits beguil'd,
 To dull and sober manhood grown,
 With strange recoil our hearts disown.
 Even so, poor Kit! must thou endure,
 When thou becom'st a cat demure,
 Full many a cuff and angry word,
 Chid roughly from the tempting board.
 And yet, for that thou hast, I ween,
 So oft our favoured playmate been,
 Soft be the change which thou shalt prove.
 When time hath spoiled thee of our love;
 Still be thou deem'd, by housewife fat,
 A comely, careful, mousing cat,
 Whose dish is, for the public good,
 Replenish'd oft with sav'ry food.

Nor, when thy span of life is past,
 Be thou to pond or dunghill cast,
 But gently borne on good man's spade,
 Beneath the decent sod be laid,
 And children show, with glist'ning eyes,
 The place where poor old Pussy lies.

THE POOR HINDOO.

Mrs. Opie.

said to have been composed and sung by a Hindustani girl on being separated from the man she loved.—She had lived several years in India with an English gentleman to whom she was tenderly attached; but he, when about to marry, sent his Indian favourite up the country; and, as she was borne along in her palanquin, she was heard to sing the following melody.

'TIS thy will, and I must leave thee:

O then, best-beloved, farewell!

I forbear, lest I should grieve thee,

Half my heart-felt pangs to tell.

Soon a British fair will charm thee,

Thou her smiles wilt fondly woo;

But though she to rapture warm thee,

Don't forget **THY POOR HINDOO.**

Well I know this happy beauty

Soon thine envied bride will shine;

But will she by anxious duty

Prove a passion warm as mine?

If to rule be her ambition,

And her own desires pursue,

Thou'lt recall my fond submission,

And regret **THY POOR HINDOO.**

Born herself to rank and splendour,

Will she deign to wait on thee,

And those soft attentions render

Thou so oft has praised in me?

Yet, why doubt her care to please thee?

Thou must every heart subdue ;

I am sure each maid that sees thee

Loves thee like **THY POOR HINDOO.**

No, ah! no!....though from thee parted,

Other maids will peace obtain ;

But thy Lola, broken-hearted,

Ne'er, oh! ne'er, will smile again.

O how fast from thee they tear me!

Faster still shall death pursue :

But 'tis well....death will endear me,

And thou'lt mourn **THY POOR HINDOO.**



ADDRESS TO CONTEMPLATION.

H. K. White.



THEE do I own, the prompter of my joys,
 The soother of my cares, inspiring peace ;
 And I will ne'er forsake thee.—Men may rave,
 And blame and censure me, that I don't tie
 My ev'ry thought down to the desk, and spend
 The morning of my life in adding figures
 With accurate monotony ; that so
 The good things of the world may be my lot,
 And I might taste the blessedness of wealth ;
 But, oh! I was not made for money-getting ;
 For me no much-respected plum awaits,
 Nor civic honour, envied—For as still
 I tried to east with school dexterity

The interesting sums, my vagrant thoughts
 Would quick revert to many a woodland haunt,
 Which fond remembrance cherish'd, and the pen
 Dropt from my senseless fingers as I pictur'd,
 In my mind's eye, how on the shores of Trent
 I erewhile wander'd with my early friends
 In social intercourse. And then I'd think
 How contrary pursuits had thrown us wide,
 One from the other, scatter'd o'er the globe ;
 They were set down with sober steadiness,
 Each to his occupation. I alone,
 A wayward youth, misled by Fancy's vagaries,
 Remained unsettled, insecure, and veering
 With ev'ry wind to ev'ry point o' th' compass.
 Yes, in the counting-house I could indulge
 In fits of close abstraction ; yea, amid
 The busy bustling crowds could meditate,
 And send my thoughts ten thousand leagues away
 Beyond the Atlantic, resting on my friend.
 Aye, Contemplation, ev'n in earliest youth
 I woo'd thy heavenly influence ! I would walk
 A weary way when all my toils were done,
 To lay myself at night in some lone wood,
 And hear the sweet song of the nightingale.
 Oh, those were times of happiness, and still
 To memory doubly dear ; for growing years
 Had not then taught me man was made to mourn ;
 And a short hour of solitary pleasure,
 Stolen from sleep, was ample recompence
 For all the hateful bustles of the day.
 My op'ning mind was ductile then, and plastic,

And soon the marks of care were worn away,
 While I was sway'd by every novel impulse,
 Yielding to all the fancies of the hour.
 But it has now assum'd its character;
 Mark'd by strong lineaments, its haughty tone,
 Like the firm oak, would sooner break than bend.
 Yet still, oh, Contemplation! I do love
 To indulge thy solemn musings; still the same
 With thee alone I know to melt and weep,
 In thee alone delighting. Why along
 'The dusky tract of commerce should I toil,
 When, with an easy competence content,
 I can alone be happy; where with thee
 I may enjoy the loveliness of Nature,
 And loose the wings of Fancy!—Thus alone
 Can I partake of happiness on earth;
 And to be happy here is man's chief end,
 For to be happy he must needs be good.

SONNET.

SolJuby.

HOW, as I grace with thee my opening lay,
 How, with what language, Mary! may I greet
 Thy matron ear, that truth's pure utterance meet
 Sound not like Flatt'ry? In life's youthful day,
 When to thy charms and virgin beauty bright
 I tuned my numbers, Hope, enchantress fair,
 Trick'd a gay world with colours steep'd in air,
 And suns that never set in envious night.

Ah! since that joyous prime, beloved wife!
 Years, mix'd of good and ill, have o'er us past;
 And I have seen, at times, thy smile o'er cast
 With sadness—not the less my lot of life
 With thee has been most blissful—Heav'nly Peace,
 Thy guardian angel, Mary! has beguiled
 My woe, and sooth'd my wayward fancy wild.
 Nor shall its soothing influence ever cease,
 Thou present, weal or woe, as may betide!
 Hail Wife and Mother, lov'd beyond the Bride!



HARP OF THE NORTH.

Walter Scott.

HARP of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,
 On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
 In twilight copse the glow worm lights her spark,
 The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.
 Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,
 And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;
 Thy numbers sweet with Nature's vespers blending,
 With distant echo from the fold and lea,
 And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel Harp!
 Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,
 And little reck I of the censure sharp
 May idly cavil at an idle lay.
 Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way.

Through secret woes the world has never known,
 When on the weary night dawn'd wearier day,
 And bitterer was the grief devour'd alone.
 That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress! is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
 Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string!
 'Tis now a Seraph bold, with touch of fire,
 'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.
 Receding now, the dying numbers ring
 Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,
 And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
 A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—
 And now, 'tis silent all!—Enchantress, fare thee well!

MUSIC.

H. K. White.

MUSIC, all powerful o'er the human mind,
 Can still each mental storm, each tumult calm.
 Sooth anxious Care on sleepless couch reclin'd,
 And e'en fierce Anger's furious rage disarm.

At her command the various passions lie;
 She stirs to battle, or she lulls to peace,
 Melts the charm'd soul to thrilling ecstasy,
 And bids the jarring world's harsh clamour cease.

Her martial sounds can fainting troops inspire
 With strength unwonted, and enthusiasm raise,
 Infuse new ardour, and with youthful fire
 Urge on the warrior grey with length of days.

Far better she when with her soothing lyre
 She charms the falchion from the savage grasp,
 And melting into pity vengeful Ire,
 Looses the bloody breast-plate's iron clasp.

With her in pensive mood I long to roam,
 At midnight's hour, or evening's calm decline,
 And thoughtful o'er the falling streamlet's foam,
 In calm Seclusion's hermit walks recline.

Whilst mellow sounds from distant copse arise,
 Of softest flute or reeds harmonic join'd,
 With rapture thrill'd each wordly passion dies,
 And pleased Attention claims the passive Mind.

Soft through the dell the dying strains retire,
 Then burst majestic in the varied swell;
 Now breathe melodious as the Grecian lyre,
 Or on the ear in sinking cadence dwell.

Romantic sounds! such is the bliss ye give,
 That heaven's bright scenes seems bursting on the soul;
 With joy I'd yield each sensual wish, to live
 For ever 'neath your undefil'd controul.

Oh surely melody from heaven was sent,
 To cheer the soul when tir'd with human strife,
 To sooth the wayward heart by sorrow rent,
 And soften down the rugged path of life.

ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

Westall.

WHAT time the once unnoticed tide,
 Fast swelling rolls a torrent wide ;
 What time the fields are frequent strown
 With scattered leaves of yellow brown ;
 What time the hawthorn berries glow,
 And, touch'd by frost, the ripen'd sloe
 Less crudely tastes ; and when the sheep
 Together in the valleys keep ;
 And all the smaller birds appear
 In flocks, and mourn the alter'd year ;
 The careful rustic marks the signs
 Of winter, marks them and repines ;
 Swift to the neighb'ring wood he goes,
 Its branches fall beneath his blows,
 And, as they fall, his healthy brood
 In bundles tie the sapless wood,
 And bear it on their heads away,
 As fuel for the wintry day.
 At length the chilling mists arise
 Wide o'er the earth, and veil the skies ;
 The feather'd show'r falls thickly down,
 And deeper seems dark winter's frown ;

The north-wind hollow murm'ring blows,
 And drives in heaps the falling snows ;
 While Fancy, (now without her flowers
 Her wand'ring streams, her mystic bowers,)
 Delighted, rides upon the wind,
 And shapes the wild forms to her mind.
 Me, when the rising morning breaks
 The rear of night with ruddy streaks,
 She calls, the alter'd scenes to view,
 And fill the soul with features new.
 How chang'd how silent is the grove,
 Late the gay haunt of youth and love!
 Its tangling branches now are shorn
 Of leafy honours, and upborne
 By their close tops, the snow has made
 Beneath a strange and solemn shade.
 Here oft with careless ease I lay
 On the green lap of genial May :
 Dear was the stream, whose bottom shone
 With fragments rude of sculptur'd stone,
 Which from yon abbey's ivy'd wall,
 Shook by the wind, would often fall ;
 Dear was the sound its waters made,
 As down the pebbled slope they play'd.
 I hear not now its mimic roar,
 Seiz'd by the frost it sounds no more ;
 But dreary, mute, and sad it stands,
 Torpid beneath chill winter's hands.
 Stern Power ! be mine with wary feet,
 On the bleak heath thy form to meet

Full oft, but only when the day
 Of half its terrors robs thy sway;
 Ne'er be my daring footsteps found
 On aught but closely shelter'd ground,
 When Thou and Night, disastrous pair!
 With fear and darkness fill the air.

SONNET,

Supposed to be written by the unhappy Poet Dermody, in a Storm,
 while on board a Ship in His Majesty's Service.

H. K. White.

LO! o'er the welkin the tempestuous clouds
 Successive fly, and the loud-piping wind
 Rocks the poor sea-boy on the dripping shrouds,
 While the pale pilot, o'er the helm reclin'd,
 Lists to the changeful storm: and as he plies
 His wakeful task, he oft bethinks him sad,
 Of wife, and little home, and chubby lad,
 And the half strangled tear bedews his eyes;
 I, on the deck, musing on themes forlorn,
 View the drear tempest, and the yawning deep,
 Nought dreading in the green sea's caves to sleep,
 For not for me shall wife or children mourn,
 And the wild winds will ring my funeral knell,
 Sweetly, as solemn peal of pious passing-bell.

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

Walter Scott

ENCHANTRESS, farewell, who so oft has decoy'd me,
 At the close of the evening, through woodlands to roam,
 Where the forester, lated, with wonder espied me,
 Seek out the wild scenes he was quitting, for home.
 Farewell, and take with thee thy numbers wild speaking,
 The language alternate of rapture and woe;
 Oh! none but some lover whose heart-strings are breaking,
 The pang that I feel at our parting can know.

Each joy thou could'st double, and when there came sorrow,
 Or pale disappointment to darken my way,
 What voice was like thine that could sing of to-morrow,
 'Till forgot in the strain was the grief of to-day!
 But when friends drop around us in life's weary waning,
 The grief, Queen of numbers, thou can'st not assuage:
 Nor the gradual estrangement of those yet remaining,
 The languor of pain, and the chillness of age.

'Twas thou that once taught me in accents bewailing,
 To sing how a warrior lay stretched on the plain,
 And a maiden hung o'er him with aid unavailing,
 And held to his lips the cold goblet in vain.
 As vain those enchantments, O Queen of wild numbers,
 To bard when the reign of his fancy is o'er,
 And the quick pulse of feeling in apathy slumbers—
 Farewell then Enchantress!—I meet thee no more.

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

T. Moore.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given;
 The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—
 There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on Glory's plume,
 As fading hues of Even;
 And Love and Hope, and Beauty's bloom.
 Are blossoms gathered for the tomb,—
 There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
 From wave to wave we're driven.
 And Fancy's flash and Reason's ray
 Serve but to light the troubled way,—
 There's nothing calm but Heaven!

ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

John Leyden.

SLAVE of the dark and dirty mine,
 What vanity hath brought thee here?
 How can I love to see thee shine
 So bright, whom I have bought so dear!
 The tent-rope's flapping lone I hear,
 For twilight-converse, arm in arm;
 The jackall's shriek bursts on mine ear,
 When mirth and music went to charm.

By Chericul's dark wandering streams,
 Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
 Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams,
 Of Teviot loved while still a child,
 Of castled rocks, stupendous piled,
 By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
 Where loves of youth and friendship smiled,
 Uncurs'd by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!
 The perish'd bliss of youth's first prime,
 That once so bright on fancy play'd,
 Revives no more in after time.
 Far from my sacred natal clime,
 I haste to an untimely grave;
 The daring thoughts, that soar'd sublime,
 Are sunk in Ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
 Gleams baleful as the tomb fire drear—
 A gentle vision comes by night,
 My lonely widow'd heart to cheer;
 Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
 That once were guiding stars to mine;
 Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!--
 I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
 I left a heart that loved me true;
 I crossed the tedious ocean-wave,
 To roam in climes unkind and new.

The cold wind of the stranger blew
 Chill on my withered heart—the grave
 Dark and untimely met my view;
 And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock
 A wanderer's banish'd heart forlorn,
 Now that his frame the lightning shock
 Of sun-rays tipt with death, has borne,
 From love, from friendship, country torn,
 To Memory's fond regrets the prey?
 Vile slave, thy yellow dross I seorn;
 Go, mix thee with thy kindred clay!

THOU ART, OH GOD!

T. Moore.

THOU art, oh God! the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from Thee.
 Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When Day, with farewell beam, delays
 Among the open clouds of Even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Thro' golden vistas into heaven;
 Those hues, that make the Sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, LORD! are Thine.

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes;—
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, LORD! are Thine,

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
 And every flower the Summer wreathes
 Is born beneath that kindling eye.
 Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine.

IT IS THE HOUR

Lord Byron.

IT IS THE HOUR when from the boughs
 The nightingale's high note is heard;
 It is the hour when lovers' vows
 Seem sweet in every whispered word;
 And gentle winds and waters near
 Make music to the lonely ear.
 Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
 And in the sky the stars are met;
 And on the wave is deeper blue,
 And on the leaf a browner hue;
 And in the Heaven that clear obscure,
 So softly dark, and darkly pure,
 That follows the decline of day
 As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

TO A BROTHER, WHO HAD BEEN AFFLICTED WITH A
LONG SICKNESS.

Charles Lloyd.

MY Brother thou hast led a weary life,
 A life of pain, and sleeplessness and woe,
 So that thy mind pent in its burthen'd flesh
 Hath often paus'd, and slept a sleep like death!
 My Brother and my Friend—what shall I say
 (Now that the weary glooms of winter come,
 And find thee still stretch'd on a sick-man's bed)
 To give thee aught of solace? Far from thee,
 I hear the drippings of the twilight shower,
 And the faint bodings of the wind which dwells
 With nights of winter; far from thee I draw
 My evening curtain, trim my fire, and light
 My solitary taper; yet I think
 On former days, and scenes of former love,
 On many pleasures, and on many pains,
 That we have felt in common: these will still
 Croud in the visions of my soul, and bring
 To my hearth's quietness, (when nought is heard
 Save the faint startings of the ember, now
 Glowing with permanent red) some shapes that live,
 Like fleecy clouds in April sun-beams drest;
 Till suddenly the meditating part
 Will question of their being.

Troubled much

And visited by sorrows many and hard,
 Thou'rt jostled through life's strange disorder'd mass!
 That miracle which makes a wise man pause
 At every day's report. Nor troubled less,

Thou wildlier buffeted, and with more strange,
 And various shiftings, he, who fain this hour
 Would dedicate his heart to thee! my Friend,
 Different the means, though verging to one end;
 Thou lyest on the bed of pain, and feel'st
 The heart's faint fever, and the sickening thought
 Pall'd with all living things; and I have known
 A sudden pause, even in their mid career
 Of joy and hope, I have been vex'd with wounds
 Man may not heal, belike to both the same
 Instruction given, the quietness induced,
 The acquiescence to the will supreme,
 The sovereign spirit sanctifying pain,
 And mingling balsams with the cup of death



OH! THOU WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S TEAR!

T. Moore.

OH! Thou, who dry'st the mourner's tear,
 How dark this world would be,
 If, when deceiv'd and wounded here,
 We could not fly to Thee.
 The friends, who in our sunshine live,
 When winter comes are flown;
 And he, who has but tears to give,
 Must weep those tears alone.
 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
 Which, like the plants that throw
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,
 Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When Joy no longer soothes or cheers,
 And ev'n the Hope that threw
 A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
 Is dimm'd and vanish'd too!
 Oh! who would bear Life's stormy doom,
 Did not thy Wing of Love
 Come, brightly wafting thro' the gloom
 Our Peace-branch from above?
 Then, Sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
 With more than rapture's ray;
 As Darkness shews us worlds of light
 We never saw by day!

IF THAT HIGH WORLD.

Lord Byron.

IF that high world, which lies beyond
 Our own, surviving Love endears;
 If there the cherish'd heart be fond,
 The eye the same, except in tears—
 How welcome those untrodden spheres!
 How sweet this very hour to die!
 To soar from earth and find all fears
 Lost in thy light—Eternity!

It must be so: 'tis not for self
 That we so tremble on the brink;
 And striving to o'erleap the gulph,
 Yet cling to Being's severing link.

Oh! in that future let us think
 To hold each heart the heart that shares,
 With them the immortal waters drink,
 And soul in soul grow deathless theirs!

THE SAILOR.

Rogers.

THE Sailor sighs as sinks his native shore,
 As all its lessening turrets bluely fade;
 He climbs the mast to feast his eye once more,
 And busy fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah! now, each dear, domestic scene he knew,
 Recalled and cherished in a foreign clime,
 Charms with the magic of a moonlight view;
 Its colours mellowed, not impaired, by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,
 Thro' all the horrors of the stormy main;
 This, the last wish that would with life depart,
 To meet the smile of her he loves again.

When Morn first faintly draws her silver line,
 Or Eve's grey cloud descends to drink the wave;
 When sea and sky in midnight darkness join,
 Still, still he views the parting look she gave.

Her gentle spirit, lightly hovering o'er,
 Attends his little bark from pole to pole;
 And, when the beating bilows round him roar,
 Whispers sweet hope to sooth his troubled soul.

Carved is her name in many a spicy grove,
 In many a plaintain-forest, waving wide;
 Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,
 And giant palms o'er-arch the golden tide.

But lo, at last he comes with crowded sail!
 Lo, o'er the cliff what eager figures bend!
 And hark, what mingled murmurings swell the gale!
 In each he hears the welcome of a friend.

—'Tis she, 'tis she herself! she waves her hand!
 Soon is the anchor cast, the canvass furled;
 Soon through the whitening surge he springs to land,
 And clasps the maid he singled from the world.

THE PAUPER'S FUNERAL.

Southey.

WHAT! and not one to heave the pious sigh!
 Not one whose sorrow-swoln and aching eye
 For social scenes, for life's endearments fled,
 Shall drop a tear and dwell upon the dead!
 Poor wretched Outcast! I will weep for thee,
 And sorrow for forlorn humanity.
 Yes, I will weep; but not that thou art come
 To the stern sabbath of the silent tomb:
 For squalid Want, and the black scorpion Care,
 Heart-withering fiends! shall never enter there.
 I sorrow for the ills thy life has known,
 As through the world's long pilgrimage, alone,

Haunted by Poverty and woe-begone,
 Unloved, unfriended, thou didst journey on :
 Thy youth in ignorance and labour past,
 And thine old age all barrenness and blast !
 Hard was thy Fate, which, while it doomed to woe
 Denied thee wisdom to support the blow ;
 And robbed of all its energy thy mind,
 Ere yet it cast thee on thy fellow-kind,
 Abject of thought, the victim of distress,
 To wander in the world's wide wilderness.

Poor Outcast, sleep in peace ! the wintry storm
 Blows bleak no more on thine unsheltered form ;
 Thy woes are past ; thou retest in the tomb ;—
 I pause and ponder on the days to come.

TO A YOUNG MAN,

Who considered the perfection of human nature as consisting in the
 vigour and indulgence of the more boisterous passions.

Charles Lloyd

THIS is not pleasure ! can'st thou look within
 And say that thou art blest ? at the close of day
 Canst thou retire to thy fire-side *alone*,
 Quiet at heart, nor heeding aught remote,
 The power of wine, or power of company,
 To fill thy human cravings ? hast thou left
 Some treasured feelings, unexhausted loves,
 Thoughts of the past, and thoughts of times to come.
 Mingled with sweetness all and deep content,

For Solitude's grave moment? Canst thou tell
 Of the last sun-set how 'twas freaked with clouds,
 With clouds of shape sublime and strangest hues?
 Canst thou report the storm of yester-night,
 Its dancing flashes and its growling thunder?
 And canst thou call to mind the colourless moon,
 What time the thin cloud half obscured the stars—
 Muffling them, till the Spirit of the night
 Let slip his shadowy surge, and in the midst
 One little gladdening twinkler shook its locks?

Oh have these things within thee aught besides
 Human remembrance? Have they passion, love?
 Do they enrich thy dreams, and to thy thoughts
 Add images of purity and peace?
 It is not so, cannot be so, to those
 Who in the revels of the midnight cup,
 Or in the wanton's lap, lavish the gift,
 God's supreme gift, the *motion*, and the *fire*,
 That *stirs*, and *warms* the faculty of thought!
 If thou defile thyself, that joy minute,
 Deep, silent, simple, dignified, yet mild,
 Must never be thy portion! Thou hast lost
 That most companionable and awful sense,
 That sense which tells us of a God in Heaven
 And beauty on the earth: that sense which lends
 A voice to silence, and to vacancy
 A multitude of shapes and hues of life!
 Go then relinquish pleasure, wouldst thou know
 The throb of happiness, relinquish wine,
 And greedy lust, and greedy longings

Of what may constitute the bliss of man!
 Oh! tis a silent and a quiet power,
 An unobtrusive power, that winds itself
 Into all moods of time and circumstance!
 It smiles and looks serene; in the clear eye
 It speaks refreshing things, but never words
 It makes its instruments, and flies away
 As were polluted, from the soul that dares
 To waste God's dear endowments heedlessly,
 And without special care that *present joy*
 May bring an *after blessing*.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

Lora E. York

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
 And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
 Thus mellow'd to that tender light
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
 Had half impaired the nameless grace
 Which waves in every raven tress,
 Or softly lightens o'er her face;
 Where thoughts serenely sweet express
 How pure, how dear their dwelling place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
 But tell of days in goodness spent,
 A mind at peace with all below,
 A heart whose love is innocent!

THE EVE OF DEATH.

H. K. White.

SILENCE of Death—portentous calm,
 Those airy forms that yonder fly,
 Denote that your void foreruns a storm.
 That the hour of fate is nigh.
 I see, I see, on the dim mist borne,
 The Spirit of battles rear his crest!
 I see, I see, that ere the morn,
 His spear will forsake its hated rest,
 And the widow'd wife of Larrendill will beat her naked
 breast.

O'er the smooth bosom of the sullen deep.
 No softly ruffling zephyrs fly;
 But Nature sleeps a deathless sleep,
 For the hour of battle is nigh.
 Not a loose leaf waves on the dusky oak,
 But a creeping stillness reigns around;
 Except when the raven, with ominous croak,
 On the ear does unwelcomely sound.

I know, I know, what this silence means,
 I know what the raven saith—
 Strike, oh, ye bards! the melancholy harp,
 For this is the eve of death.

Behold, how along the twilight air
 The shades of our fathers glide!
 There Morven fled, with the blood-drenched hair,
 And Colma with grey side.
 No gale around its coolness flings,
 Yet sadly sigh the gloomy trees;
 And hark, how the harp's unvisited strings
 Sound sweet, as if swept by a whispering breeze!
 'Tis done! the sun he has set in blood!
 He will never set more to the brave;
 Let us pour to the hero the dirge of death—
 For to-morrow he lies to the grave.

LIVING WITHOUT GOD IN THE WORLD.

Charles Lamb

MYSTERY of God! thou brave and beauteous world,
 Made fair with light and shade and stars and flowers,
 Made fearful and angust with woods and rocks,
 Jagg'd precipice, black mountain, sea in storms,
 Sun, over all, that no co-rival owns,
 But through Heaven's pavement rides as in despite
 Or mockery of the littleness of man!
 I see a mighty arm, by man unseen,

Resistless, not to be controul'd, that guides,
 In solitude of unshared energies,
 All these thy ceaseless miracles, O world!
 Arm of the world, I view thee, and I muse
 On Man, who trusting in his mortal strength,
 Leans on a shadowy staff, a staff of dreams.
 We consecrate our total hopes and fears
 To idols, flesh and blood, our love, (heaven's due)
 Our praise and admiration; praise bestowed
 By man on man, and acts of worship done
 To a kindred nature, certes do reflect
 Some portion of the glory and rays oblique
 Upon the politic worshipper,—so man
 Extracts a pride from his humility.
 Some braver spirits of the modern stamp
 Affect a Godhead nearer: these talk loud
 Of mind, and independant intellect,
 Of energies omnipotent in man,
 And man of his own fate artificer;
 Yea of his own life Lord, and of the days
 Of his abode on earth, when time shall be,
 That life immortal shall become an art,
 Or death, by chymic practices deceived,
 Forego the scent, which for six thousand years
 Like a good hound he has followed, or at length
 More manners learning, and a decent sense
 And reverence of a philosophic world,
 Relent, and leave to prey on carcasses.
 But these are fancies of a few: the rest,
 Atheists, or Deists only in the name,
 By word or deed deny a God. They eat

Their daily bread, and draw the breath of heaven
 Without a thought or thanks ; heaven's roof to them
 Is but a painted ceiling hung with lamps,
 No more, that lights them to their purposes.
 They wander "loose about," they nothing see,
 Themselves except, and creatures like themselves,
 Short-liv'd, short-sighted, impotent to save.
 So on their dissolute spirits, soon or late,
 Destruction cometh "like an armed man,"
 Or like a dream of murder in the night,
 Withering their mortal faculties, and breaking
 The bones of all their pride.



LINES INSCRIBED UPON A CUP FORMED FROM A SKULL.

Lord Byron.



START not—nor deem my spirit fled :
 In me behold the only skull,
 From which, unlike a living head,
 Whatever flows is never dull.

I lived, I loved, I quaff'd, like thee ;
 I died ; let earth my bones resign :
 Fill up—thou canst not injure me ;
 The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape
 Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy brood ;
 And circle in the goblet's shape
 The drink of Gods, than reptile's food.

Where once my wit, perchance hath shone,
 In aid of others' let me shine ;
 And when, alas ! our brains are gone,
 What nobler substitute than wine !

Quaff while thou canst—another race,
 When thou and thine like me are sped,
 May rescue thee from earth's embrace,
 And rhyme and revel with the dead.

Why not? since through life's little day
 Our heads such sad effects produce—
 Redeemed from worms and wasting clay,
 This chance is theirs, to be of use.



I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME.

T. Moore



I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
 If thy smile had left me too;
 I'd weep, when friends deceive me,
 If thou wert, like them, untrue.
 But, while I've thee before me,
 With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
 No clouds can linger o'er me,
 That smile turns them all to light!

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
 While fate leaves thy love to me,
 'Tis not in joy to charm me,
 Unless joy be shared with thee.
 One minute's dream about thee,
 Were worth a long, an endless year,
 Of waking bliss without thee,
 My own love, my only dear!

And, tho' the hope be gone, love,
 That long sparkled o'er our way,
 Oh! we shall journey on, love,
 More safely, without its ray.
 Far better lights shall win me,
 Along the path I've yet to roam,
 The mind, that burns within me,
 And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
 The traveller, at first goes out,
 He feels awhile benighted,
 And looks round with fear and doubt.
 But soon, the prospect clearing,
 By cloudless star-light, on he treads,
 And thinks no lamp so cheering,
 As that light which Heaven sheds!

AN EVENING WALK AT CROMER, 1795.

Mrs. Opie.

HAIL scene sublime! along the Eastern hills
 Night draws her veil, and lo! the * circling lamp
 'That guides the vessel thro' the ambush'd rocks,
 Hangs in bright contrast on her dusky brow,
 And smiles away its gloom.—See from the West,
 A branching stream of silver radiance flows
 On Ocean's bosom, till it emulates
 The trembling lustre of the milky way;
 While the dark cliffs projecting o'er the waves,
 And frowning, (Fancy whispers) envious seem
 Of the soft light they share not. In the South,
 The star of evening sheds her pallid rays;
 While from the humble cottages that skirt
 Yon hill's uneven side, lights *redly* shine
 Contrasting Art with Nature, and fill up
 The chain of objects that leads captive sight,
 And to the shrine of meditation draws
 The wanderer's soul.—But hark! the awaken'd Owl
 Majestic, slow, on sounding wing sails by,
 And, rous'd to active life, enjoys the hour
 That gives his winking eyelids leave to rest,
 While his bright eye, dim in day's dazzling light
 Now into distance shoots its beams, and guides
 The unwieldy spoiler to his creeping prey,
 Which having seiz'd, again on murmuring wing
 He cleaves the tranquil air, and to his nest
 Proudly bears home the feast, he toil'd to gain;

* The lamps in Cromer light-house revolve.

Then from the bosom of some thick-wove tree,
Breathes in dull note his votive strain to Night,
Friend of his daring, season of his joy.

Here could I stay, now list'ning, gazing now,
Till all that crowded, busy, life can give
Sunk from my view, lost in the splendid vast
Of Nature's pure magnificence, that still
Will shine and charm for ages. FASHION's hand
Which, in the world's gay scenes omnipotent,
Makes, and destroys, and the same object bids
Delight one moment, and disgust the next,
Here can no influence boast ; but here true TASTE
To FASHION rarely known, enamour'd roves
And rapt, becomes DEVOTION, while the tear
Steals the flush'd cheek adown, as on the rose
Glitters the dew-drop. Hail again, bright scene !
On the moist gale of Eve shall I breathe forth
The song of praise to thee, responsive still
To Ocean's solemn roar? or shall I stand
In SACRED SILENCE bound, Devotion's friend,
And list'ning, let my eager ear drink in
The distant, mingling sounds that Fancy loves,
Till every thought's, thanksgiving, and the lips
Can only murmur praise? And lo! my lips
In utterance fail, and SILENCE I am thine.

ON THE DAY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM BY TITUS.

Lord Byron.

FROM the last hill that looks on thy once holy dome
I beheld thee, Oh SION! when rendered to Rome :
'Twas thy last sun went down, and the flames of thy fall
Flash'd back on the last glance I gave to thy wall.

I look'd for thy temple, I look'd for my home,
And forgot for a moment my bondage to come ;
I beheld but the death-fire that fed on thy fane,
And the fast-fettered hands that made vengeance in vain.

On many an eve, the spot whence I gazed
Had reflected the last beam of day as it blazed :
While I stood on the height, and beheld the decline
Of the rays from the mountain that shone on thy shrine.

And now on that mountain I stood on that day,
But I mark'd not the twilight beam melting away ;
Oh! would that the lightning had glared in its stead,
And the thunderbolt burst on the conqueror's head!

But the Gods of the Pagan shall never profane
The shrine where Jehovah disdain'd not to reign ;
And scattered and scorn'd as thy people may be,
Our worship, oh Father! is only for thee.

WEEP NOT FOR THOSE.

T. Moore.

WEEP not for those, whom the veil of the tomb,
 In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
 Ere Sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
 Or Earth had profan'd what was born for the skies.
 Death chill'd the fair fountain, ere sorrow had stain'd it,
 'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
 And but sleeps till the sunshine of Heav'n has unchain'd it,
 To water that Eden, where first was its source!
 Weep not for those, whom the veil of the tomb
 In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,
 Ere Sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
 Or Earth had profan'd what was born for the skies.

Mourn not for her, the young Bride of the Vale,
 Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now;
 Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,
 And the garland of Love was yet fresh on her brow;
 Oh! then was her moment, dear Spirit, for flying
 From this gloomy world, while its gloom was unknown;—
 And the wild notes she warbled so sweetly, in dying,
 Were echoed in Heaven by lips like her own!
 Weep not for her,—in her spring-time she flew
 To that land, where the wings of the soul are unfurl'd,
 And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,
 Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

Southey.

IT is the funeral march. I did not think
 That there had been such magic in sweet sounds !
 Hark ! from the blacken'd cymbal that dead tone—
 It awes the very rabble multitude,
 They follow silently, their earnest brows
 Lifted in solemn thought. 'Tis not the pomp
 And pageantry of death that with such force
 Arrests the sense,—the mute and mourning train,
 The white plume nodding o'er the sable hearse,
 Had past unheeded, or perchance awoke
 A serious smile upon the poor man's cheek
 At pride's last triumph. Now these measur'd sounds
 This universal language, to the heart
 Speak instant, and on all these various minds
 Compel one feeling.

But such better thoughts
 Will pass away, how soon ! and these who here
 Are following their dead comrade to the grave,
 Ere the night fall, will in their revelry
 Quench all remembrance. From the ties of life
 Unnaturally rent, a man who knew
 No resting place, no dear delights at home,
 Belike who never saw his children's face,
 Whose children knew no father, he is gone,
 Dropt from existence, like the weathered leaf
 That from the summer tree is swept away,
 Its loss unseen. She hears not of his death
 Who bore him, and already for her son

Her tears of bitterness are shed: when first
 He had put on the livery of blood,
 She wept him dead to her.

We are indeed

Clay in the potter's hand! one favour'd mind
 Scarce lower than the Angels, shall explore
 The ways of Nature, whilst his fellow-man
 Fram'd with like miracle the work of God,
 Must as the unreasonable beast drag on
 A life of labour, like this soldier here,
 His wondrous faculties bestow'd in vain,
 Be moulded by his fate till he becomes
 A mere machine of murder.

And there are

Who say that this is well! as God has made
 All things for man's good pleasure, so of men
 The many for the few! court-moralists,
 Reverend lip-comforters that once a week
 Proclaim how blessed are the poor, for they
 Shall have their wealth hereafter, and tho' now
 Toiling and troubled, tho' they pick the crumbs
 That from the rich man's table fall, at length
 In Abraham's bosom rest with Lazarus.
 Themselves meantime secure their good things here
 And dine with Dives. These are they O Lord
 Who in thy plain and simple gospel see
 All mysteries, but who find no peace enjoined,
 No brotherhood, no wrath denounced on them
 Who shed their brethren's blood,—blind at noon day
 As owls, lynx-eyed in darkness!

O my God!

I thank thee that I am not such as these,
 I thank thee for the eye that sees, the heart
 That feels, the voice that in these evil days
 'That amid evil tongues, exalts itself
 And cries aloud against the iniquity.

 EPITAPH,

BY W. MASON ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE, IN BRISTOL
 CATHEDRAL.

TAKE, holy Earth! all that my soul holds dear:

Take that best gift which heav'n so lately gave:—
 To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care

Her faded form: she howed to taste the wave
 And died. Does youth, does beauty, read the line?

Does sympathetic fear their breast alarm?
 Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine:

Ev'n from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
 Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee;

Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move;
 And if so fair, from vanity as free;

As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.
 Tell them, tho' 'tis an awful thing to die,

(Twas e'en with thee) yet the dread path once trod,
 Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,

And bids "the pure in heart behold their God."

SKETCH OF HOLLAND.

Rev. J. Mitford.

THE sun is up; and slowly on the tide,
How gay, how fair the painted barges glide,
While o'er yon level length of mead, is seen
Bright as an emerald, in its robe of green.
The mill-sail ceaseless turns—the laden wain
Creaks as it wears along the rushy plain,
And many a thought to calm enjoyment dear,
And many a scene of patient toil is here—
Along each broomy mead, each willowy shore,
The little hamlet opes its willing-door:
And here content with ever watchful breast,
Dove-like sits brooding o'er its sheltered nest.
And nursed by her, here patriot valour calls
From Delf's high spires, and Haarlem's mould'ring walls,
And Leyden's streets yet nobler scenes afford,
The scholar's counsel edged the soldier's sword,
While he, the baffled tyrant shrunk to see
In famines ghastly eye, the gleam of liberty.

Then why should he, the pensive traveller grieve
For scenes like these, his native hills to leave,
Marked he how trim yon garden's trellis'd bound,
How streaked with beauty rose the flower-girt mound:
Saw he the swan, his snowy plumage lave,
And the green island tremble in the wave:
Marked he the moated watch-tower rise around
With many a peak'd fantastic turret crown'd.—

The village spire seen frequent o'er the trees,
 The tufted osiers rustling in the breeze:
 The kine that pasture in the champaign wide,
 The frequent barge laveering on the tide,
 The poplar grove with autumns foilage gay,
 These all shall cheer him on his length'ning way—
 For many a day content with scenes like these,
 Well-pleas'd I gaz'd; for all had power to please.
 The painted summer-house that o'er the stream,
 Catches the evening sun's departing gleam:
 The willow weeping o'er the turf; the vine
 Whose beamy clusters through the lattice shine,
 And the long colonnade; whose dark'ning green,
 Through pillar'd arches just admits the scene;
 The slow canal, the air-hung bridge, the tree
 Of figur'd form:—they all had charms for me.

Here late with him I roamed, who many a day
 Had left his native vallies far away—
 And now well-nigh the autumn day was done
 And Ryswick's spires shone in the setting sun.
 From mead to mead as slow we loiter'd there,
 Soft chimes came floating through the evening air.
 The music of his native land*:—it came
 And burst, and lighten'd on his heart; like flame
 What instant visions floated o'er his eyes,—
 Yon level meads in mountain structures rise:
 Again he heard, as oft in youth, the bee
 Wind his blithe horn in pleasant harmony—

* The carillone in the Churches in Holland very often play Swiss tunes.

He heard the echoes of the torrent swell
 Along the peaked rocks of Apenzell;
 Again he saw the bounding chamois roam,
 Scared by the eagle from his alpine home,
 He heard Lausanne's still waters gently creep,
 And move and murmur, to the mountain's steep;
 While the pale moon, from out her cloudy cave,
 Drop'd her still anchor in the twilight wave.

TO THE SABBATH.

Charles Lloyd.

AH! quiet day, I oft recal the time,
 When I did chace my childish sluggishness,
 (The "rear of darkness ling'ring still") to dress
 In due sort for thy coming: the first chime
 Of blithsome bells, that usher'd in the morn,
 Carol'd to me of rest and simplest mirth:
 'Twas then all happiness on the wide earth
 To gaze! I little dreamt, that man was born
 For ought but wholesome toil and holiest praise
 Thanking that God who made him to rejoice!
 But I am changed now! nor could I raise
 My sunken spirit at thy well-known voice;
 But that thou seemest soothingly to say,
 "Look up poor mourner, to a BETTER DAY."

TROUTBECK CHAPEL.

Wilson.

HOW sweet and solemn at the close of day,
 After a long and lonely pilgrimage
 Among the mountains, where our spirits held
 With wildering fancy and her kindred powers
 High converse, to descend as from the clouds
 Into a quiet valley, fill'd with trees
 By Nature planted, crowding round the brink
 Of an oft-hidden rivulet, or hung
 A beauteous shelter o'er the humble roof
 Of many a moss-grown cottage!

In that hour

Of pensive happiness, the wandering man
 Looks for some spot of still profounder rest,
 Where nought may break the solemn images
 Sent by the setting sun into his soul.
 Up to yon simple edifice he walks,
 That seems beneath its sable grove of pines
 More silent than the home where living thing
 Abides, yea, even than desolated tower
 Wrapt in its ivy-shroud.

I know it well,—

The village-chapel: many a year ago,
 That little dome to God was dedicate;
 And ever since, hath undisturbed peace
 Sat on it, moveless as the brooding dove
 That must not leave her nest. A mossy wall,
 Bathed though in ruins with a flash of flowers.

(A lovely emblem of that promised life
 That springs from death) doth placidly enclose
 The bed of rest, where with their fathers sleep
 The children of the vale, and the calm stream
 That murmurs onward with the self-same tone
 For ever, by the mystic power of sound
 Binding the present with the past, pervades
 The holy hush as if with God's own voice,
 Filling the listening heart with piety.

Oh! ne'er shall I forget the hour, when first
 Thy little chapel stole upon my heart,
 Secluded TROUTBECK! 'Twas the Sabbath-morn,
 And up the rocky banks of thy wild stream
 I wound my path, full oft I ween delay'd
 By sounding waterfall, that 'mid the calm
 Awoke such solemn thoughts as suited well
 The day of peace; till all at once I came
 Out of the shady glen, and with fresh joy
 Walk'd on encircled by green pastoral hills.
 Before me suddenly thy chapel rose
 As if it were an image: even then
 The noise of thunder roll'd along the sky,
 And darkness veil'd the heights,—a summer-storm
 Of short forewarning and of transient power.
 Ah me! how beautifully silent thou
 Didst smile amidst the tempest! O'er thy roof
 Arch'd a fair rainbow, that to me appear'd
 A holy shelter to thee in the storm,
 And made thee shine amid the brooding gloom,
 Bright as the morning star. Between the fits

Of the loud thunder, rose the voice of Psalms,
 A most soul-moving sound. There unappall'd,
 A choir of youths and maidens hymned their God,
 With tones that robb'd the thunder of its dread,
 Bidding it rave in vain.

Out came the sun
 In glory from his clouded tabernacle ;
 And, waken'd by the splendour, up the lark
 Rose with a loud and yet a louder song,
 Chaunting to heaven the hymn of gratitude.
 The service closed ; and o'er the church-yard spread
 The happy flock who in that peaceful fold
 Had worshipp'd Jesus, carrying to their homes
 The comfort of a faith that cannot die,
 That to the young supplies a guiding light,
 Steadier than reason's and far brighter too,
 And to the aged sanctifies the grass
 That grows upon the grave.

O happy lot,
 Methought, to tend a little flock like this,
 Loving them all, and by them all beloved !
 So felt their shepherd on that Sabbath-morn
 Returning their kind smiles ;—a pious man,
 Content in this lone vale to teach the truths
 Our Saviour taught, nor wishing other praise
 Than of his great task-master. Yet his youth
 Not unadorn'd with science, nor the lore
 Becoming in their prime accomplish'd men,
 Told that among the worldly eminent

Might lie his shining way :—but, wiser far,
 He to the shades of solitude retired,
 The birth-place of his fathers, and there vow'd
 His talents and his virtues, rarest both,
 To God who gave them, rendering by his voice
 This beauteous chapel still more beautiful,
 And the blameless dwellers in this quiet dale
 Happier in life and death.

THE TOMB OF GENIUS.

Anonymous.

WHERE the chilling north-wind blows,
 Where the weeds so wildly wave,
 Mourn'd by the weeping willow,
 Wash'd by the beating billow,
 Lies the youthful poets grave!

Beneath yon little eminence,
 Mark'd by the grass green turf,
 The winding sheet his form incloses,
 On the cold rock his head reposes,
 Near him foams the troubled surf!

Roars around his tomb the ocean,
 Pensive sleeps the moon-beam there,
 Naiads love to wreath his urn,
 Dryads thither hie to mourn,
 Fairy music melts in air.—

On his tomb the village virgins,
Love to drop the tribute tear;
Stealing from the groves around,
Soft they tread the hallow'd ground,
And scatter wild flowers o'er his bier!

By the cold earth mantled
all alone,
Pale and lifeless lies his form,
Patters on his grave the storm;
Silent now his tuneful numbers,
Here the son of genius slumbers—
Stranger mark his funeral stone!

THE MOURNER.

Crabbe.

'Yes! there are real Mourners—I have seen
 A fair, sad Girl, mild, suffering, and serene;
 Attention (through the day) her duties claim'd,
 And to be useful as resign'd she aim'd;
 Neatly she drest, nor vainly seem'd t' expect
 Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect;
 But when her wearied Parents sunk to sleep,
 She sought her place to meditate and weep:
 Then to her mind was all the past displayed,
 That faithful memory brings to sorrow's aid:
 For then she thought on one regretted youth,
 Her tender trust, and his unquestion'd truth;
 In ev'ry place she wander'd, where they'd been,
 And sadly-sacred held the parting scene;
 Where last for Sea he took his leave—that place
 With double interest would she nightly trace:
 For long the courtship was, and he would say,
 Each time he sail'd,—“this once and then the day:”
 Yet prudence tarried, but when last he went,
 He drew from pitying love a full consent.

• Happy he sail'd, and great the care she took,
 That he should softly sleep, and smartly look;
 White was his better linen, and his check
 Was made more trim than any on the deck;
 And every comfort men at Sea can know,
 Was her's to buy, to make, and to bestow:
 For he to Greenland sail'd, and much she told,
 How he should guard against the climate's cold;

Yet saw not danger; dangers he'd withstood,
 Nor could she trace the fever in his blood:
 His messmate's smil'd at flushings in his cheek,
 And he too smil'd, but seldom would he speak;
 For now he found the danger, felt the pain,
 With grievous symptoms he could not explain;
 Hope was awaken'd, as for home he sail'd,
 But quickly sank, and never more prevail'd.

‘He call'd his friend, and prefac'd with a sigh
 A lover's message, “*Thomas* I must die:
 “Would I could see my *Sally*, and could rest
 “My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
 “And gazing go!—if not, this trifle take,
 “And say till death I wore it for her sake;
 “Yes! I must die—blow on, sweet breeze, blow on!
 “Give me one look, before my life be gone,
 “Oh! give me that, and let me not despair,
 “One last fond look—and now repeat the prayer.”

‘He had his wish, had more; I will not paint
 The lover's meeting: she beheld him faint,—
 With tender fears, she took a nearer view,
 Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew;
 He tried to smile, and, half succeeding, said,
 “Yes! I must die,” and hope for ever fled.

‘Still long she nurs'd him; tender thoughts meantime
 Were interchang'd, and hopes and views sublime.
 To her he came to die, and every day
 She took some portion of the dread away;

With him she pray'd, to him his Bible read,
 Sooth'd the faint heart, and held the aching head :
 She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer ;
 Apart she sighed ; alone, she shed the tear ;
 Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
 Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.

‘One day he lighter seem’d, and they forgot
 The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot ;
 They spoke with cheerfulness, and seem’d to think,
 Yet said not so—“perhaps he will not sink :”
 A sudden brightness in his look appear’d,
 A sudden vigour in his voice was heard ;—
 She had been reading in the Book of Prayer,
 And led him forth, and plac’d him in his chair ;
 Lively he seem’d, and spoke of all he knew,
 The friendly many, and the favourite few ;
 Nor one that day did he to mind recall,
 But she has treasur’d, and she loves them all ;
 When in her way she meets them, they appear
 Peculiar people—death has made them dear.
 He nam’d his friend, but then his hand she prest,
 And fondly whisper’d, “thou must go to rest ;”
 “I go,” he said, but as he spoke, she found
 His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound ;
 Then gaz’d affrighten’d ; but she caught a last,
 A dying look of love, and all was past !

‘She placed a decent stone his Grave above,
 Neatly engrav’d—an offering of her Love ;
 For that she wrought, for that forsook her bed,
 Awake alike to duty and the dead ;

She would have griev'd, had friends presum'd to spare
The least assistance—'twas her proper care.

'Here will she come and on the grave will sit,
Folding her arms, in long abstracted fit;
But if observer pass, will take her round,
And careless seem, for she would not be found;
Then go again, and thus her hour employ,
While visions please her, and while woes destroy.

THE BOROUGH.

MONODY ON NELSON, PITT, AND FOX.

Walter Scott.

TO mute and to material things
New life revolving summer brings;
The genial call dead nature hears,
And in her glory re-appears.
But oh! my country's wintry state
What second spring shall renovate?
What powerful call shall bid arise
The buried warlike and the wise;
The mind that thought for Britain's weal,
'The hand, that grasp'd the victor's steel?
'The vernal sun new life bestows
Even on the meanest flower that blows;
But vainly, vainly may he shine,
Where Glory weeps o'er NELSON's shrine;
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,
'That shrouds, O FITT, thy hallow'd tomb.

Deep graved in every British heart,
 O never let those names depart !
 Say to your sons,—Lo, here his grave,
 Who victor died on Gadite wave ;
 To him, as to the burning levin,
 Short, bright, resistless course was given ;
 Where'er his country's foes were found,
 Was heard the fated thunder's sound,
 Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
 Roll'd, blazed, destroy'd,—and was no more.

Nor mourn ye less his perish'd worth,
 Who bade the conqueror go forth,
 And launch'd that thunderbolt of war
 On Egypt, Hafnia,* Trafalgar ;
 Who, born to guide such high emprise,
 For Britains weal was early wise ;
 Alas ! to whom the Almighty gave,
 For Britain's sins, an early grave ;
 His worth, who, in his mightiest hour,
 A bauble held the pride of power,
 Spurn'd at the sordid lust of pelf,
 And serv'd his Albion for herself ;
 Who, when the frantic crowd amain
 Strain'd at subjection's bursting rein,
 O'er their wild mood full conquest gain'd,
 The pride, he would not crush, restrain'd,
 Shew'd their fierce zeal a worthier cause,
 And brought the freeman's arm, to aid the freeman's
 laws.

* Copenhagen.

Had'st thou but liv'd, though stripp'd of power,
 A watchman on the lonely tower,
 Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,
 When fraud or danger were at hand;
 By thee, as by the beacon-light,
 Our pilots had kept course aright;
 As some proud column, though alone;
 Thy strength had propp'd the tottering throne—
 Now is the stately column broke,
 The beacon-light is quench'd in smoke,
 The trumpet's silver sound is still,
 The warder silent on the hill!

Oh, think, how to his latest day,
 When death, just hovering, claim'd his prey,
 With Palinure's unalter'd mood,
 Firm at his dangerous post he stood;
 Each call for needful rest repell'd,
 With dying hand the rudder held,
 Till, in his fall, with fateful sway,
 The steerage of the realm gave way!
 Then, while on Britain's thousand plains,
 One unpolluted church remains,
 Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around
 The bloody tocsin's maddening sound,
 But still, upon the hallow'd day,
 Convoke the swains to praise and pray;
 While faith and civil peace are dear,
 Grace this cold marble with a tear,—
 He, who preserved them, **PITT**, lies here!

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,
 Because his Rival slumbers nigh;
 Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,
 Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb:
 For talents mourn, untimely lost,
 When best employ'd, and wanted most;
 Mourn genius high, and lore profound,
 And wit that loved to play, not wound;
 And all the reasoning powers divine,
 To penetrate, resolve, combine;
 And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—
 They sleep with him who sleeps below:
 And, if thou mourn'st they could not save
 From error him who owns this grave,
 Be every harsher thought suppress'd,
 And sacred be the last long rest.

Here, where the end of earthly things
 Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings;
 Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,
 Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung;
Here, where the fretted aisles prolong
 The distant notes of holy song,
 As if some angel spoke agen,
 All peace on earth, good-will to men;
 If ever from an English heart,
 O *here* let prejudice depart,
 And, partial feeling cast aside,
 Record, that Fox a Briton died!
 When Europe crouch'd to France's yoke,
 And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,

And the firm Russian's purpose brave
 Was barter'd by a timourous slave,
 Even then dishonour's peace he spurn'd,
 The sullied olive-branch return'd,
 Stood for his country's glory fast,
 And nail'd her colours to the mast!
 Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave
 A portion in this honour'd grave;
 And ne'er held marble in its trust
 Of two such wondrous men the dust.

With more than mortal powers endow'd,
 How high they soar'd above the crowd!
 Theirs was no common party race,
 Jostling by dark intrigue for place;
 Like fabled Gods, their mighty war
 Shook realms and nations in its jar;
 Beneath each banner proud to stand,
 Look'd up the noblest of the land,
 Till through the British world were known
 The names of Pitt and Fox alone.
 Spells of such force no wizard grave
 E'er fram'd in dark Thessalian cave,
 Though his could drain the ocean dry,
 And force the planets from the sky.
 These spells are spent, and, spent with these,
 The wine of life is on the lees.
 Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
 For ever tomb'd beneath the stone,
 Where,—taming thought to human pride!—
 The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.

Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
 'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;
 O'er PITT's the mournful requiem sound,
 And Fox's shall the notes rebound.
 The solemn echo seems to cry,—
 "Here let their discord with them die;
 "Speak not for those a separate doom,
 "Whom Fate made brothers in the tomb,
 "But search the land of living men,
 "Where wilt thou find their like agen?"

Rest, ardent Spirits! till the cries
 Of dying nature bid you rise;
 Not even your Britain's groans can pierce
 The leaden silence of your hearse:
 Then, O how impotent and vain
 This grateful tributary strain!
 Though not unmark'd from northern clime,
 Ye heard the Border Minstrel's rhyme:
 His Gothic harp has o'er you rung;
 The bard you deign'd to praise, your deathless names
 has sung.

INTRODUCTION TO MARMION.



ON VISITING TINTERN ABBEY.

Wordsworth.

FIVE years have passed ; five summers, with the length
 Of five long winters ! and again I hear
 These waters, rolling from their mountain springs
 With a sweet inland murmur.—Once again
 Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
 Which on a wild secluded scene impress
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion ; and connect
 The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
 The day is come when I again repose
 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
 These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard tufts,
 Which, at this season, with their unripe fruits,
 Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
 Among the woods and copses, nor disturb
 The wild green landscape. Once again I see
 These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
 Of sportive wood run wild ; these pastoral farms
 Green to the very door ; and wreaths of smoke
 Sent up, in silence, from among the trees,
 With some uncertain notice, as might seem,
 Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
 Or of some hermit's cave, where, by his fire,
 The hermit sits alone.

Though absent long,
 These forms of beauty have not been to me
 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :
 But oft, in lonely rooms, and mid the din
 Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,

In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
 Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
 And passing even into my purer mind
 With tranquil restoration:—feelings too
 Of unremembered pleasure; such, perhaps,
 As may have had no trivial influence
 On that best portion of a good man's life,
 His little, nameless, unremembered acts
 Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
 To them I may have owed another gift,
 Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
 In which the burthen of the mystery,
 In which the heavy and the weary weight
 Of all this unintelligible world
 Is lightened;—that serene and blessed mood
 In which the affections gently lead us on,
 Until the breath of this corporeal frame,
 And even the motion of our human blood
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
 In body, and become a living soul:
 While with an eye made quiet by the power
 Of harmony and the deep power of joy,
 We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft,
 In darkness, and amid the many shapes
 Of joyless day-light; when the fretful stir
 Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
 Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
 How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
 O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the woods,

How often has my spirit turned to thee!
 And now, with gleams of half extinguished thought,
 With many recognitions dim and faint,
 And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
 The picture of the mind revives again :
 While here I stand, not only with the sense
 Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
 That in this moment there is life and food
 For future years. And so I dare to hope,
 'Though changed, no doubt, from what I was, when first
 I came among these hills; when, like a roe,
 I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
 Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
 Wherever nature led : more like a man
 Flying from something that he dreads, than one
 Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
 (The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
 And their glad animal movements all gone by,)
 To me was all in all—I cannot paint
 What then I was. The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion ; the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colours, and their forms, were then to me
 An appetite ; a feeling, and a love,
 That had no need of a remoter charm,
 By thought supplied, or any interest
 Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
 And all its aching joys are now no more,
 And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
 Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur ; other gifts
 Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,

Abundant recompense. For I have learned
 To look on nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
 The still, sad music of humanity,
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean, and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
 A lover of the meadows and the woods,
 And mountains ; and of all that we behold
 From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
 Of eye and ear, both what they half create,
 And what perceive ; well pleased to recognize
 In nature, and the language of the sense,
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
 Of all my moral being.

Nor, perchance,
 If I were not thus taught, should I the more
 Suffer my genial spirits to decay :
 For thou art with me, here, upon the banks
 Of this fair river ; thou, my dearest friend,
 My dear, dear friend, and in thy voice I catch
 The language of my former heart, and read

My former pleasures in the shooting lights
 Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
 May I behold in thee what I was once,
 My dear, dear sister! And this prayer I make,
 Knowing that nature never did betray
 The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead
 From joy to joy; for she can so inform
 The mind that is within us, so impress
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
 Rash judgements, nor the sneers of selfish men,
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
 Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
 Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
 Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
 And let the misty mountain winds be free
 To blow against thee: and in after years,
 When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
 Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
 Thy memory be as a dwelling place
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies; Oh! then,
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
 Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
 And these my exhortations! Nor perchance,
 If I should be where I no more can hear
 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams

Of past existence, wilt thou then forget
 That on the banks of this delightful stream
 We stood together ; and that I, so long
 A worshipper of nature, hither came
 Unwearied in that service : rather say
 With warmer love, oh ! with far deeper zeal
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
 That after many wanderings, many years
 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
 And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
 More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake.

MODERN GREECE.

Lord Byron.

FAIR clime where every season smiles
 Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
 Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
 Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
 And lend to loneliness delight.
 There mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek
 Reflects the tints of many a peak
 Caught by the laughing tides that lave
 These Edens of the eastern wave ;
 And if at times a transient breeze
 Break the blue crystal of the seas,
 Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
 How welcome is each gentle air
 That wakes and wafts the odours there !
 For there—the Rose o'er crag or vale,
 Sultana of the Nightingale,

The maid for whom his melody,
 His thousand songs are heard on high,
 Blooms blushing to her lover's tale :
 His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,
 Unbent by winds, unchilled by snows,
 Far from the winter's of the west,
 By every breeze and season blest,
 Returns the sweets by nature given
 In softest incense back to heaven ;
 And grateful yields that smiling sky
 Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.
 And many a summer flower is there,
 And many a shade that love might share,
 And many a grotto, meant for rest,
 That holds the pirate for a guest ;
 Whose bark in sheltering cove below
 Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,
 Till the gay mariner's guitar
 Is heard, and seen the evening star ;
 Then stealing with the muffled oar,
 Far shaded by the rocky shore,
 Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,
 And turn to groans his roundelay.
 Strange—that where Nature loved to trace,
 As if for Gods, a dwelling-place,
 And every charm and grace hath mixed
 Within the paradise she fixed,
 There man, enamoured of distress,
 Should mar it into wilderness,
 And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower
 That tasks not one laborious hour ;

Nor claims the culture of his hand
 To bloom along the fairy land,
 But springs as to preclude his care,
 And sweetly woos him—but to spare!
 Strange—that where all is peace beside
 There passion riots in her pride,
 And lust and rapine wildly reign
 To darken o'er the fair domain.
 It is as though the fiends prevailed
 Against the seraphs they assailed,
 And, fixed on heavenly thrones, should dwell
 The freed inheritors of hell;
 So soft the scene, so formed for joy,
 So curst the tyrants that destroy!

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
 Ere the first day of death is fled,
 The first dark day of nothingness,
 The last of danger and distress,
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
 And marked the mild angelic air,
 The rapture of repose that's there,
 The fixed yet tender traits that streak
 The langour of the placid cheek,
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
 And but for that chill changeless brow,
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
 As if to him it could impart

The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
 Yes, but for these and these alone,
 Some moments, aye, one treacherous hour,
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
 So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
 The first, last look by death revealed!
 Such is the aspect of this shore;
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
 We start, for soul is wanting there.
 Hers is the loveliness in death,
 That parts not quite with parting breath;
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
 Expression's last receding ray,
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,
 The farewell beam of Feeling, past away!
 Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
 Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth!
 Clime of the unforgotten brave!
 Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
 Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave;
 Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
 That this is all remains of thee?
 Approach thou craven crouching slave:
 Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
 These waters blue that round you lave,
 Oh servile offspring of the free—
 Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
 The gulf, the rock of Salamis!

These scenes, their story not unknown,
 Arise, and make again your own;
 Snatch from the ashes of your sires
 The embers of their former fires;
 And he who in the strife expires
 Will add to theirs a name of fear
 That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
 And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
 They too will rather die than shame:
 For Freedom's battle once begun,
 Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,
 Though baffled oft is ever won.
 Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
 Attest it many a deathless age!
 While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
 Have left a nameless pyramid,
 Thy heroes, though the general doom
 Hath swept the column from their tomb,
 A mightier monument command,
 The mountains of their native land!
 There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
 The graves of those that cannot die!
 'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
 Each step from splendour to disgrace;
 Enough—no foreign foe could quell
 Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
 Yes! Self-abasement paved the way
 To villain-bonds and despot-sway.

What can he tell who treads thy shore?
 No legend of thine olden time,

No theme on which the muse might soar,
High as thine own in days of yore,

When man was worthy of thy clime.

The hearts within thy valleys bred,

The fiery souls that might have led

Thy sons to deeds sublime,

Now crawl from cradle to the grave,

Slaves—nay, the bondsmen of a slave,

And callous, save to crime ;

Stain'd with each evil that pollutes

Mankind, where least above the brutes ;

Without even savage virtue blest,

Without one free or valiant breast.

Still to the neighbouring ports they waft

Proverbial wiles, and ancient craft :

In this the subtle Greck is found,

For this, and this alone, renowned.

In vain might Liberty invoke

The spirit to its bondage broke,

Or raise the neck that courts the yoke.

THE GIAOUR



THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Montgomery.

THERE is a land of every land the pride,
 Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
 Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
 And milder moons emparadise the night;
 A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
 Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth:
 The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
 Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
 In every clime the magnet of his soul,
 Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
 For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
 The heritage of nature's noblest race,
 There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
 While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
 The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend:
 Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
 "Where shall that *land*, that *spot of earth* be found?"
 Art then a man?—a patriot? look around;

O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!

On Greenland's rocks, o'er rude Kamschatka's plain
In pale Siberia's desolate domains;
When the wild hunter takes his lonely way,
Tracks through tempestuous snows his savage prey,
The rein-deer's spoil, the ermine's treasure shares,
And feasts his famine on the fat of Bears;
Or, wrestling with the might of raging seas,
Where round the pole the eternal billows freeze,
Plucks from their jaws the stricken whale, in vain
Plunging down head-long through the whirling main
—His wastes of ice are lovelier in his eye
Than all the flowery vales beneath the sky,
And dearer far than Cæsar's palace-dome,
His cavern-shelter, and his cottage home.

O'er China's garden-fields and peopled floods;
In California's pathless world of woods;
Round Andes' heights, where Winter, from his throne
Looks down in scorn upon the summer zone;
By the gay borders of Bermuda's isles,
Where Spring with everlasting verdure smiles;
On pure Madeira's vine-robed hills of health;
In Java's swamps of pestilence and wealth;
Where Babel stood, where wolves and jackals drink,
Midst weeping willows on Euphrates' brink;
On Carmel's crest; by Jordan's reverend stream,
Where Canaan's glories vanish'd like a dream;

Where Greece, a sceptre, haunts her heroes' graves,
 And Rome's vast ruins darken Tiber's waves ;
 Where broken-hearted Switzerland bewails
 Her subject mountains and dishonour'd vales ;
 Where Albion's rocks exult amidst the sea,
 Around the beauteous isle of Liberty ;
 —Man, through all ages of revolving time,
 Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
 Deems his own land of every land the pride,
 Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside ;
 His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

THE WEST INDIES.

MY COUNTRY.

Walter Scott.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land !
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand !
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
 For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentered all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down

To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettricke break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

ON THE DEATH OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Lord Byron.

Henry Kirke White died at Cambridge in October, 1806, in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that would have matured a mind which disease and poverty could not impair, and which death itself destroyed rather than subdued. His poems abound in such beauties as must impress the reader with the liveliest regret, that so short a period was allotted to talents which would have dignified even the sacred functions he was destined to assume.

UNHAPPY White ! while life was in its spring,
 And thy young Muse just waved her joyous wing,
 The spoiler came ; and all thy promise fair
 Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.
 Oh ! what a noble heart was here undone,
 When Science' self destroyed her favourite son !
 Yes ! she too much indulg'd thy fond pursuit !
 She sowed the seeds, but Death has reaped the fruit.
 'Twas thine own Genius gave the final blow,
 And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low :
 So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
 No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
 Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
 And wing'd the shaft that quivered in his heart :
 Keen were his pangs but keener far to feel
 He nurs'd the pinion which impell'd the steel,
 While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest,
 Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

ENGLISH BARDS.

TWILIGHT.

Montgomery.

I LOVE thee, Twilight ; as thy shadows roll,
The calm of evening steals upon my soul,
Sublimely tender, solemnly serene,
Still as the hour, enchanting as the scene.
I love thee, Twilight ! for thy gleams impart
Their dear, their dying influence to my heart,
When o'er the harp of thought thy passing wind
Awakens all the music of the mind,
And joy and sorrow, as the spirit burns,
And hope and memory sweeps the chords by turns,
While Contemplation, on seraphic wings,
Mounts with the flame of sacrifice, and sings.
'Twilight ! I love thee ; let thy glooms increase
Till every feeling, every pulse is peace ;
Slow from the sky the light of day declines,
Clearer within the dawn of glory shines,
Revealing, in the hour of Nature's rest,
A world of wonders in the Poet's breast :
Deeper, O Twilight ! then thy shadows roll,
An awful vision opens on my soul.

WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.



THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

Walter Scott.

LOOK forth, once more, with soften'd heart,
Ere from the field of fame we part;
Triumph and sorrow border near,
And joy oft melts into a tear.
Alas! what links of love that morn
Has War's rude hand asunder torn!
For ne'er was field so sternly fought,
And ne'er was conquest dearer bought.
Here piled in common slaughter sleep
Those whom affection long shall weep;
Here rests the sire, that ne'er shall strain
His orphans to his heart again;
The son, whom, on his native shore,
The parent's voice shall bless no more;
The bridegroom, who has hardly press'd
His blushing consort to his breast;
The husband, whom through many a year
Long love and mutual faith endear.
Thou can'st not name one tender tie
But here dissolved its relics lie!
O when thou see'st some mourner's veil,
Shroud her thin form and visage pale,
Or mark'st the Matron's bursting tears
Stream when the stricken drum she hears;
Or see'st how nianlier grief, suppress'd,
Is labouring in a father's breast,—
With no enquiry vain pursue
The cause, but think on WATERLOO!

Period of honour as of woes,
 What bright careers 'twas thine to close!—
 Mark'd on thy roll of blood what names
 To Britain's memory, and to Fame's,
 Laid there their last immortal claims!
 'Thou saw'st in seas of gore expire
 Redoubted PICTON's soul of fire—
 Saw'st in the mingled carnage lie
 All that of PONSONBY could die—
 DE LANCY change Love's bridal-wreath
 For laurels from the hand of Death—
 Saw'st gallant MILLER's failing eye
 Still bent where Albion's banners fly,
 And CAMERON, in the shock of steel,
 Die like the offspring of Lochiel;
 And generous GORDON, 'mid the strife,
 Fall while he watched his leader's life.—
 Ah! though her guardian angel's shield
 Fenced Britain's hero through the field,
 Fate not the less her power made known,
 Through his friends' hearts to pierce his own!

Forgive, brave Dead, the imperfect lay!
 Who may your names, your numbers, say?
 What high-strung harp, what lofty line,
 To each the dear-earned praise assign,
 From high-born chiefs of martial fame
 To the poor soldier's lowlier name?
 Lightly ye rose that dawning day,
 From your cold couch of swamp and clay,
 To fill, before the sun was low,
 The bed that morning cannot know.—

Oft may the tear the green sod steep,
 And sacred be the heroes' sleep,
 Till Time shall cease to run;
 And ne'er beside their noble grave,
 May Briton pass and fail to crave
 A blessing on the fallen brave
 Who fought with WELLINGTON.

Farewell, sad Field! whose blighted face
 Wears desolation's withering trace;
 Long shall my memory retain
 Thy shatter'd huts and trampled grain,
 With every mark of martial wrong,
 That scathe thy towers, fair Hougomont?
 Yet though thy garden's green arcade
 The marksman's fatal post was made,
 Though on thy shatter'd beeches fell
 The blended rage of shot and shell,
 Though from thy blacken'd portals torn
 Their fall thy blighted fruit-trees mourn,
 Has not such havoc bought a name
 Immortal in the rolls of fame?
 Yes—AGINCOURT may be forgot,
 And CRESSY be an unknown spot,
 And BLENHEIM's name be new;
 But still in story and in song,
 For many an age remember'd long,
 Shall live the towers of Hougomont,
 And fields of WATERLOO.

SIR LEOLINE.

S. T. Coleridge.

ALAS! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanc'd, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

Sir Leoline, a moment's space,
Stood gazing on the damsel's face;
And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine
Came back upon his heart again.

CHRISTABEL.



ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

Lord Byron.

HARK! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,
 A long low distant murmur of dread sound,
 Such as arises when a nation bleeds.
 With some deep and immedicable wound;
 Through storm and darkness yawns the rending ground,
 The gulph is thick with phantoms, but the chief
 Seems royal still, though with her head discrown'd,
 And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief
 She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields no relief.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?
 Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?
 Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
 Some less majestic, less beloved head?
 In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,
 The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
 Death hush'd that pang for ever: with thee fled
 The present happiness and promised joy
 Which fill'd the imperial isles so full it seem'd to cloy.

Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it be,
 Oh thou that wert so happy, so adored!
 Those who weep not for kings shall weep for thee,
 And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to hoard
 Her many griefs for ONE; for she had pour'd
 Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head
 Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,
 And desolate consort—vainly wert thou wed!
 The angels weep you! the father of the dead!

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made ;
 Thy bridal's fruit in ashes : in the dust
 The fair-haired Daughter of the Isles is laid,
 The love of millions ! How we did entrust
 Futurity to her ! and, though it must
 Darken above our bones, yet fondly deem'd
 Our children should obey her child, and bless'd
 Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seem'd
 Like stars to shepherd's eyes :—'twas but a meteor beam'd.

Woe unto us, not her ; for she sleeps well :
 The fickle reek of popular breath, the tongue
 Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,
 Which from the birth of monarchy hath rung
 Its knell in princely ears, till the o'erstung
 Nations have arm'd in madness, the strange fate
 Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns, and hath flung
 Against their blind omnipotence a weight
 Within the opposing scale, which crushes soon or late,—

These might have been her destiny ; but no,
 Our hearts deny it : and so young, so fair,
 Good without effort, great without a foe ;
 But now a bride and mother—and now *there* !
 How many ties did that stern moment tear !
 From thy Sire's to his humblest subject's breast
 Is linked the electric chain of that despair,
 Whose shock was as an earthquake's, and oppress
 The land which loved thee so that none could love thee best.

CONCLUSION.

Walter Scott.

CALL it not vain :—they do not err,
 Who say, that when the Poet dies,
 Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
 And celebrates his obsequies;
 Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,
 For the departed bard make moan;
 That mountains weep in crystal rill;
 That flowers in tears of balm distil;
 Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
 And oaks, in deeper groan, reply;
 And rivers teach the rushing wave
 To murmur dirges round his grave.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
 Those things inanimate can mourn;
 But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
 Is vocal with the plaintive wail
 Of those, who, else forgotten long,
 Lived in the poet's faithful song,
 And, with the poet's parting breath,
 Whose memory feels a second death.
 The maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,
 That love, true love, should be forgot,
 From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
 Upon the gentle minstrel's bier:
 The phantom knight, his glory fled,
 Mourns o'er the field he heaped with dead;

Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,
 And shrieks along the battle-plain :
 The chief whose antique crownlet long
 Still sparkled in the feudal song,
 Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
 Sees, in the thanedom once his own,
 His ashes undistinguished lie,
 His place, his power, his memory die :
 His groans the lonely caverns fill,
 His tears of rage impel the rill ;
 All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung,
 Their name unknown, their praise unsung,

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

FINIS.

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